THE

CHURCH OF ST. SIFFRID.



## CHURCH OF ST. SIFFRID.

#### IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Non mesto, non valor, non riverenza
Nè d'età nè di grado, nè di legge;
Non peno di vergogna; non rispetto
Nè d'amor nè di sangue; non memoria
Di ricevuto ben, nè finalmente
Cosa si venerabile, o si santa,
O si giusto esser può, ch'a quella vasta
Cupidigia d'hosori, a quella ingorda
Fama d'aver, violabil sia.

GUARINA.

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1797.

### CHURCH OF ST. SHTERID:

IN FOUR VOLVIMES

No. 1st, No. 250 volor, non niverenta de c'est sà de joéce, sà el lerse, si petro di integrana ada bilgeno de alsone de di largue, non repromales redona les, nà finjue, non reproma-Coà 3' renemble, o d'himman Coà giulle eller nab, ch'a quella unha Capidigia d'honort, a quella ingorda Tama Caper, violabil fia.

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Missintention was no got to may place on Quelques crimes précédent toujours les grand crimes:

Quiconque a pu franchir les bornes légitimes Peut violer enfin les droits les plus facres : 101 131 Autant que la vertu, le crime a fes degrés. of l' lo and to amplificate the state of the Racing

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CARLOVILLE, in carrying off Lady Mariamne L'Esterling, fully expected to be purfued; but, having fo great an advantage in point of time, he inwardly despised every idea of being overtaken, though he inceffantly perfuaded VOL. IV.

fuaded her they were closely followed. to reconcile her to the rapidity of their motion, and of which the continually complained. As their purfuers had readily gueffed, it was Carloville's determination to make the best of his way to the Continent; where he knew he could conceal himself and his companion for any length of time, that is, till it should no longer answer his purpose. His intention was to get to any place on the coast, where he could procure a fmuggling veffel for a reward to put to fea with him, and land him on the coast of Holland, or anywhere elfe, as wind and weather might ferve; confident of his own success in disguise, he cared not for the place.

But Lady Marianne, whose presence was so essential to the success of this adventure, had already repented her own folly and temeticy in engaging in it. The recollection of the apparition continued



continued all the day; whilf her conscience represented the injured Ethelreda in extreme wretchedness, fick, and dying with poverty and grief, which the could not fail to astribute to her own unprincipled calumnies, She faw herself more guilty than ever she had falfely represented the unfortunate Etheireda. She had already feen the offended spirit; the seemed to hear her threatening pains, and punishments, and tortures; already the fancied they were begun, and, in the diffraction of her fufferings, cried out against the severity of their indication or dail ad to me agai

. As it grew dark, the terrors of hes guilty mind increased a not confined to incoherent expressions, the vented her agonies in loud fhricks, tears, prayers and fupplications or bain some intelle

Proof as he was against all feeling, Carloville, for his own fafety, could not perfift in going on while this paroxylm B 2

of remorfe lafted; fince it could not fail to attract the attention of paffengers, and at least be repeated from its strange-. ness, on the road, till it served as a clue to whoever should be in pursuit of them. Had not this unforeseen circomstance occurred to detain them. they would have reached Southampton before the morning, when Carloville would have accounted himself perfectly fafe from pursuit : and, even circumstanced as he was, he concluded he had little to fear, his route unknown, at a fmall ill-frequented house in a little village out of the high road, which he had quitted in order to cross the country. It is true the accommodations were bad. but trivial inconveniences he had been used to overlook; and the state of Lady Mariamne's mind prevented her from noticing the bare white-limed walls and ordinary furniture of the miferable room into which they were shown. The state of the

It was still Carloville's wish to continue his journey before morning; and, not doubting but Lady Mariamne would be discouraged from staying all night in a place of fo unpromiting an aspect, he pressed her to take some tea which he had ordered, adding, they should be obliged to perform another stage before morning, from the impossibility of remaining where they were For fome time Lady Miriamne had been tolerably composed; but when Carloville proposed continuing their journey, the relapted into ther former terrors-he fcreamed, fobbed, and entreated to flay. In vain Carloville tried to pacify her; he found it impossible to restore quiet, except by promising to remain where they were that night: and dreading left her violent fhrieks, should already have alarmed the house, he went out to give directions to his,

B 3

people,

people, and to order his piftels into the room, that at all events he might be provided with a defence, and fecure his own retreat if he were forced to relinquish his prize.

Carloville's undaunted spirit, which, whilst he met with no impediment, had borne him through this hazardous enterprise with the most sanguine hopes of snecess, was but ill prepared for the delay this obstinacy of Lady Marianne's so unseasonably occasioned. As they sat silently looking at each other, Carloville had leisure to restect on the present critical state of his affairs; and his spirits began to slag for the sufficiences of his villainy, should it be unsuccessful.

"By Heaven, fomething must be done!" cried he, starting suddenly from his chair towards the door—"Bring me a bottle of brandy!"

Lady

Lady Mariamne, magain alarmed, fhrieked two or three times.

"No more noise! No more fooling!" cried he, advancing towards here sternly; this is no time for ceremony—be quiet and composed. Our situation grows desperate, and we must use desperate means," laying hold on one of the pistols. "You must and shall proceed!"

Mariamne, her face full of fear and horror: then for a moment recovering her native haughtint is—" Pattols!—And this language to me, fir ?—Are you mad?" the exclaimed in real furprite at his changed manners. At that moment a man brought in a bottle and fome glaffes.

"Not mad, but determined by cried Carloville, filling out a glass and prefenting it to Lady Mariamne, who turned away her head in disgust.

B 4 "Don't

"Don't oblige me to fwear-I shalf frighten you; but by-by all the devils, you shall drink it!" he continued, putting the glass close to her lips. Terrified to the last degree, the no longer hesitated to swallow the whole dose. "Well done! Bravissimo l" cried Carloville: "Are you not in excellent spirits? -Come, half the bottle will just do the fame for me-Now I am up to any thing. Let's be gone this moment! -I tell you again we have not an inftant to lofe-" he continued, whilft he filled glass after glass, and nearly forgot his hafte in indulging one of his favourite propensities. He was too much addicted to the use of spirits, for any thing less than an immoderate quantity to have any effect upon him. The liquor, however, had confiderably added to his already brutal manners; and the felf-devoted and unprincipled Lady Mariamne, terrified at his menaces and oaths,

oaths, but not daring to relift his commands, already bitterly execrated herfelf, and the companion for whom the had given up every valuable confideration.

"One glass more—And now—curse me if I stay another second !—Zounds! 'tis past five o'clock," said he, looking at his watch—" What a devil of a time have you been getting ready!" added he, addressing Lady Mariamne. "Come, come along!" roughly seizing her arm: "I must be a damn'd fool to be bassled twice—by women too!"—Partly by force, and partly out of fear, Carloville had got Lady Mariamne as far as the stairs, when a loud and confused noise of voices below obliged them to stop and listen.

Above them all that of Lord Caerleon was the loudest, and the most distinctly to be heard. For an instant both were riveted to the spot were they stood,

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till they heard a clamour on the stairs. and Sir Francis L'Esterling protesting and infifting on being allowed to enter first. Instantly Lady Mariamne sprung backwards towards the room they had quitted, and flapped the door against Carloville, who followed her - "Here!" cried he, putting a loaded piftol into her hand: " You must-must defend yourfelf." Then throwing up a window, he would instantly have left her to the mercy of her enraged relations, had the not forcibly laid hold of his arm, and at the fame moment Sir Francis L'Esterling was before her face. Lady Mariamne screamed dreadfully, and fprung back feveral paces; she held the loaded pistol at arm's length, pointed at her hufband, with a horrid wildness in her countenance bordering on infanity, whilft her quivering tips refused to utter a found. 200 1001.

Carloville too retreated fome steps with an irresolute and agitated air, and for the the first time with a portion of shame that prevented him from looking in the face of the injured man whom he had called his friend.

Sir Francis's eyes were fixed on Lady Mariamne, Naturally mild and compaffionate, he was shocked at her appearance; and with more coolness and courage than the usual tenor of his character feemed to indicate, ftill advanced notwithstanding her menacing attitude? " Lord Carloville," faid he, 19 you fee I am unarmed-Pray, madain, be more composed, I have no hostile intentions towards you?"- The fentence was 1 yet upon his lips when the received the whole contents of the piftol in his face, and inftantly dropped dead on the ground, mangled, disfigured, and ftreaming with bloods ox Caerleon had followed Sir Francis into the room; and equally distressed, enraged, and alto

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nished at his sister's appearance, and at seeing her now beyond all doubt abandoned and worthless, had not the power of speaking, till at the report of the pistol he sprung forward, though not quick enough to catch the body, which sell almost across the feet of Carloville.

Even Carloville, when he felt the weight of the murdered corpse, when he saw himself covered with the blood of the injured Sir Francis, the melancholy event in effect occasioned by him, suffered something more than remorfe. A thousand horrid sensations agitated him, and his features presented an expression more diabolical and more fearful than imagination can form; they were no longer human when he surveyed himself, and exclaimed in a shrill voice, "Here are spots enough to damn a whiter soul than mine!"

" What!"

"What!" cried Caerleon, in a tremulous tone, and almost overcome with horror at the scene, "Did you kill him?"

"No, by Heaven! as I hope for mercy !- I lie !- I do not hope for mercy !- But I did not kill him-Do you not fee my piftol?-I had but one 'tis charged now up to the muzzle. You may try to hang me-but if that's not an evidence-I'm a curfed fool! I'll not trust any evidence-You will hang me as an accomplice-or I shall hang myself by some blunder or other. -Come, I'll bet you Sir Francis's estate, I'm not hanged, or taken." "He darted towards the window, and instantly jumped into a small garden; the height was inconfiderable, and, recovering his feet, he presently gained the other fide of the hedge that enclosed it.

From the moment Lady Mariamne had, unintentional of murder, committed

the fatal deed, the Rood fixed and immoveable in the fame attitude, the piftol still clenched in her hand, and her arm extended, till from weakness it fell from her hand on the floor. The noise it made in falling, roused her stupefied senses into new horrors; flie screamed, Murder! as loud as the was able, and fled to the window. The people, who had heard the report of the pistol, but knew nor whether it was within or without the house, came running towards the garden: " Come-come with me !" cried Caerleon, alarmed, and catching both her hands; " You shall go with me!" 'walo to the good main I tembis

What, to prison?—Where shall Igo?
—Will you bring me to justice?—Will
you appear against me—an evidence
against my life—your sister's life, my
dear Caerleon—my brother!—Oh Heaven, have mercy on my soul!—My brother—my own brother—" she repeated,
agitated

agitated and firuggling, with a con-

" May Heaven have mercy on her foul !- Oh God, forgive her !" cried Caerleon in an agony of diffress: "Come this instant, or I leave you !--I must fly this instant, or I shall indeed be an evidence against her life." Then quitting her trembling hand, he ruthed towards the door, and presently reached his carriage, which waited for him at a little distance from this unfortunate scene. He had fearcely been absent a quarter of an hour: consequently the servants, who were commanded by their mafter to remain with the horfes, knew nothing of the shocking catastrophe that deprived fome of them of a kind and liberal mafter. Caerleon flung himfelf into the chaife, and called out, in a suffocated tone, to drive on .- " Your Lordthip does not wait for Sir Francis?" faid a fervant, who held the door in expectation

tation of his coming. Caerleon could not answer, but, reaching towards the door, thut it himfelf. After waiting a few minutes, the man ventured to alk where to drive? Unable to fpeak, he could only point the way, and thought only of returning to Strathener in time to prevent the horrid tiding from coming undisguised to the ears of Lord Trecastle. At first he felt a momentary satisfaction at having escaped the dreadful necessity of appearing against his unhappy fifter, from which nothing but his precipitate flight had faved him: but in a moment the forlorn and defolate fituation of the miscrable Lady Mariamne returned to his imagination, and, torn and diffracted by the conflict of his feelings, which would neither fuffer him to proceed, nor to return to the unhappy object from which he had torn himself in horror not to be described, he performed his folitary journey, overwhelm-HOLLST

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ed by a complication of the most distressing calamities that ever joined to oppress the heart of a man far from callous or insensible when open to reflection, even when less nearly touched than in the present instance in the persons of his relations.

Caerleon had scarcely quitted the house, when the people of it entered the room where the bloody spectacle of Sir Francis's body presented itself, and the almost equally appalling sight of the distracted and raving Marianne.

"Where's the murderer?" asked one of the men repeatedly.

Lady Mariamne put her hands before her face, and, in a guilty tone, cried out, he was gone!—"Here's fomething that will go near to hang him though," faid another, picking up the piftol from the floor: "this piftol has a fellow fomewhere—I would not be the man that has it for a hundred pounds; 'twould hang

hang the greatest man in the county—
"Hang whom?" cried Lady Mariamne
in a voice that startled the surrounding
group—"Me, or my brother?"

"You! Ma'am?—Your brother! Ma'am?" repeated several in various tones of astonishment—"Pray, ma'am," said the one who had first spoken, and who belonged to the house, "was the gentleman who came with you your brother?"

" Oh! no, no to lange diames domin

"What then, the young gentleman ?".

o se Yes!"

"Well! who could have thought it of that young gentleman!—Poor dear lady! Her own brother to be hanged!"

in an agony of impatience, "'tis a lie!

"If it was not him, 'twas the other then.—Which way did he go?"

" Out

or Out of the window." of the state of

" Out of the window !- Then I faw him get over the hedge !" cried another. " Run, run, Jack !" said the first : " we shall all be brought in for our trial elfe! and I'll go for the coroner, and the lady must be bound over."\_\_ "Stop. stop!" cried Mariamne; but all the men were out of hearing, or rather too intent upon the purfuit to liften to any eepiledian ! That what objection.

Whether it was the spirit she had fwallowed, or a temporary phrenfy that fupported her, hitherto Lady Mariamne's strength had not failed her; her limbs still supported her, and her faculties feemed perfect : yet there was a wildness in her aspect that awed the two or three women that remained in the room with her-they none of them ventured to interrogate her; but one who feemed more compassionate than the others, observed, it must be very dismal entteers

for the lady to flay there with the corple, and asked if she had not better go down stairs?

Lady Mariamne burst into tears for the sirst time, "Lord, the corpse!" cried another who seemed to be in great tribulation, "what in the world shall I do?"—Perhaps the coroner mayn't come these two days, and one must not so much as move the poor gentleman! And what a condition the room will be in! all stained!—And ten to one if the neighbours don't say "tis haunted!"

"Go—leave me+" faid Lady Mariamne with some remains of her former haughtiness: she pointed to the door as she spoke, and in a moment the room was empty.

It was now clear day-light. The funrole bright and glorious over a beautiful and picturesque country; the birds sung cheerfully; the smoke rising from the cottages business in the village showed that the business of the day was begun. The labourers passed along, gaily whistling, to their work; and slocks of innocent happy children enjoyed themselves in the funshine.

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For a moment or two Lady Mariamne gazed at the fcene before her-She confidered every object feparately; the grew fick and desponding at the fight, and turned away her wretched eyes from the glare, to fix them on a more terrible one. The same bright sun served only to present, under every shape, objects of horror and of remorfe; for it shone strongly on the cold breathless body; it exhibited more plainly the disfigured countenance, and displayed what was once the face, without any traces of resemblance, or form of features. Not satisfied with contemplating the melancholy and mangled form at a distance, the approached the body, and, dropping

ping on her knees, fixed her eyes upon it, appalling and horrid as it appeared. Whilft she gazed intently upon the fickening spectacle, the could not perfuade herfelf that the felt forrow or repentance; she could shed no tears the could utter no found of regret ; and when the tried to law ment, the fancied her voice expressed pleafure and gaiety—the found of her own breath the miltook for laughter, and joined in the mirth with a loud convulled hysteric. In reality, her faculties were nearly exhaufted; for a moment the held out her hand as if in reconciliation—then touching that of the corpfe, forung upon her feet, and gently opening the door with a distracted air, but cautious not to make a noise descended the stairs, and, unperceived, strolled out of the village, through fields and folitary lanes, till the reached the high road, having made a progress. of

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Here feveral country people on their way to the nearest market town passed her, not without much curiofity, which a figure fo uncommon could not fail to excite even in the most ignorant and unobserving. Lady Mariamne's height was rather above middle fize; the was dreffed in a black riding habit, being in mourning for Ethelreda. Her hat the had left at the inn; the comb that supported her hair behind had dropped out; and her hair, of a remarkable length falling down her back, and partly blown over her flioulders, had foiled her habit with a great quantity of powder. But her countenance alone would have attracted notice-her large fparkling black eyes were rendered more brilliant by delirium; her features naturally were perfectly handlome-but her note had acquired

acquired strong outlines of scorn; and her straight dark brow, obedient to her mind, was habitually curved into more haughtiness and fancied superiority than ever before dissigured the face of a woman. She constantly wore rouge, part of which still remained upon her haggard cheek, and gave her the sushed appearance of wine, added to the wildness of infanity.

She had followed two or three people on horseback or in carts, entreating to be taken to the nearest sea coast: most of them wondered at her sigure, but none of them questioned, and sew answered her. She held her pocket-book in her hand, which she offered to those whose assistance she supplicated: but either the action was not understood, or the value offered not guessed at; for the pocket-book, though it contained bills and drafts to a very large amount, was

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was unheeded, and its miferable owner in want of the accommodation a shilling or two would have procured.

"It is worth more than two thousand pounds!" cried the to a man who had just passed her in a covered cart without deigning to hear her entreaties. He returned, however, instantly. Lady Mariamne put the pocket-book into his hand, and begged with extreme earnestness to be taken to the nearest town on the coast. The man glanced his eye over the notes; and, sufficiently informed of their value to conclude he should be very well paid for his trouble by the friends of the lady, at leaft, from whom he fancied the had escaped, immediately affifted her into his cart, and refolved to take her to Southampton, whither he was going; concluding the belonged to fome of the company vifiting that place, and that her intellects were a little deranged; judging, indeed, more from her Vot. 1V. appearance

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appearance than her manner, as, from the latter, her cautious answers would not furnish him with any well-grounded furmiles.

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# CHAP. LIV.

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The time of life is short:

To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

SHARESPEARE,

The same of Carling and Such and I be the time IT was from mere accident Lord Caerleon and the unfortunate Sir Francis L'Esterling so soon overtook the delinquents, of whom they were in pursuit: they were informed, that to attempt croffing the Severn would occasion them fome hours' delay on account of the time at which the tide ferved; they preferred therefore making a circuit of some miles round, as every moment they loft grew more and more of material confequence. This apparent obstacle to their success was the only circumstance in their fa-C 2 vour

vour that could have occurred; for Carloville had purposely avoided crossing, because he knew that at the passage-house Lady Mariamne's person, as well as his own, had been too often seen not to be recognised; added to the chances of delay, and accidental meeting with his and her acquaintance.

Notwithstanding the unremitting enquiries of Caerleon and Sir Francis on the road as they purfued them, it was at the distance of nearly fifty miles from St. Siffrid's they gathered the first information that gave them any hopes they were in the right track; and after the most minutely questioning the people of the inn, it was ftill doubtful whether they were not purfuing fome other equally precipitate travellers. Caerleon had Iworn to find his fifter, or he would have been tempted to give over the purfuit, when he heard that two people, their horses in a foam, had stopped for fresh

fresh ones; and whilst one of them took a dish of coffee in the carriage, the other in the most impatient and commanding manner urged them to be quick; that he liberally rewarded the postillions, but cursed them for not going faster.

"This could have been no other than Carloville!" said Lord Caerleon to his companion—"At what time?" continu-

ed he to the inn-keeper.

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" At past seven this morning."

"At seven?—The devil!—They must have driven at the rate of more than twelve miles an hour!—Did you see the lady?"

"The lady—if it was a lady—feemed very unhappy, and as if she would have been glad to escape; she called out once to have the door opened; but the gentleman swore at the drivers to go on, and instantly they were off."

It was the lady's reluctance that chief-

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ly discouraged Caerleon; fince the confoling idea that Lady Mariamne's will was contrary to this expedition, every previous circumstance clearly contradicted. But Sir Francis, who loved travelling fast, began to be amufed with the journey, which the hopes of foon bringing his family troubles to an iffue favourable to himself rendered interesting. He therefore perfuaded Caerleon they were rigt in continuing their route; who, more in compliance with Sir Francis's request than his own judgment, continued to follow the two persons described to him, whom however he had no hopes of overtaking, or of finding them to be Carloville and his fifter.

Had the unfortunate Sir Francis L'Esterling been less clearly prepossessed,
he would most probably have lived to
see his domestic disgrace revenged, and
without bloodshed. It was not his intention at any time to fight with Carloville:

ville; and, but for Caerleon's violence, and his own want of a proper spirit in exerting himself to maintain his opinion when he had one, he would not have purfued them. He was by no means a coward, though an effeminate lover of show and trifles: but he considered Lady Mariamne too worthless for a personal quarrel. Fully convinced as he was that her principles were as base as her conduct was now become notorious, he wifely declined hazarding his person, unauthorifed by any laws but those of honour, fo ridiculously mistermed, fo abfurdly fanctioned; when the law, the only arbitrator an injured man and a gentleman should suffer to interfere between himself and a rascal, would coolly and finally have decided and fettled the difference.

There were peculiarities in Sir Francis L'Esterling's manners, that had on his entrance into the world procured him

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the character of a very fingular man. It is needless to observe, these were the effect of affectation; he bestowed all his time and all his thoughts to procure himself the reputation of being original, and a character. It was, however, close and fervile imitation alone that produced the effect; for Sir Francis naturally poffessed a common understanding, some ideas, and fome judgment - but imitating the peculiarities of the most marked and opposite characters, and by uniting, or more properly fuffering them to jar, in his own manners, he was univerfally believed not to have common fense. Unfortunately for him, Lord Caerleon appeared in his eyes to be the very character-light, airy, and incongruous-he himself laboured to seem. Lord Caerleon's was not a character for imitation: wild, extravagant, impetuous, haughty; fickle, vain, good-humoured, generous, honourable; selfish and libertine from education. 11

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education, not nature; the latter, the effect of the profligate examples of corrupt manners in Italy, on a mind open to all impressions, and unfenced by precept; the former, the never-failing one of unbounded indulgence and uninterrupted prosperity, on a temper naturally impatient of contradiction. These blemishes, and a thousand sopperies, the effect of fashion or caprice, were in Lord Caerleon strong contrasts, or foils to qualities more brilliant and dazzling than folid or useful: he was eloquent, accomplished, handsome, brave, elegant, and polished; yet appearing to make fo light of these qualities, though conspicugusly vain, as to facrifice the most valuable to a momentary whim, or the more abfurd example of young men every way his inferiors. It was this inconfistent temper in Lord Caerleon that astonished all the world. It was exactly what Sir Francis L'Esterling wished to C 5 be:

be: it was this inconfiderate wildness he had so long followed, and tried in vain to copy, that led him, contrary to his judgment (a tame quality he persuaded himself he did not posses), in pursuit of Lady Mariamne, to enter the room where she was, and to stand with the muzzle of her pistol almost touching his sace, till in the agitation of her terror it discharged itself, and the ball entered his brain, stopping at once all its surther aims at eccentricity.

Caerleon scarcely ever suffered so servere a shock: independent of the share his own family took in this dreadful calamity, he was grieved and distressed to a greater degree for the death of Sir Francis, than he thought himself capable of feeling for a missfortune, which, if he had foreseen or imagined it in perspective, would have given him comparatively none at all. He had always freely diverted himself, as well as the rest

rest of the world, with Sir Francie's follies, and delighted in fetting the most abfurd examples, that he might fee them all caricatured in his epitome. But much as he would laugh at and despise the folly, his vanity was highly gratified by it; and in spite of all his scoffing, Sir Francis's understanding, which was not despicable, had raised itself in Caerleon's estimation by the very means he took to lower it in that of the rest of the world. His partiality for Sir Francis rested on an equally stable foundation,his own vanity: which nothing perhaps could have shaken but the melancholy catastrophe which had just happened to the eternal feeder of it. With a rapidity natural to himself, a strong concatenation of ideas represented his vanity as the author of it. Caerleon was in horror at its consequences. He considered, for the first time, into what pernicious errors he had himself wilfully fallen by copy-

Jan Bran

ing the absurdities of others; and that, in copying his, Sir Francis had inadvertently been led on to his destructions for he could not but remember with how much insolent haughtiness he had over-ruled the more pacific intentions of Sir Francis, who had long ceased to dispute his opinion, or even his will; and though he did not absolutely hold himfelf guilty of his death, the lesson was sufficiently striking to be instrumental in correcting the soibles of a man who was neither mad nor a sool.

Melancholy and forrowful were the numerous reflections he made on him-felf, his murdered companion, his wretched fifter, and his father—He thought too of Octavia and her inaufpicious marriage: for a moment he recollected Lady Caerleon—he fighed deeply, and recalled to his mind the image of Ethelreda—a tear rose at the remembrance; he pitied Conway, and more than wished

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wished to be him, that he might have been the object of her preference, and have died with her. He was conscious it was an error to cherish the idea: he tried to correct it, and half succeededto banish it by thinking of Rosamond; but he faw through the flimfey veil he was spreading before his eyes, nor could he persuade himself he was returning to Strathener a better man than he quitted it. He was mistaken. He had yet had no opportunities of comparing his old habits with his new intentions, or of trying the strength of either; nor was he conscious, that, in forming them, he had made a rapid progress in his own reformation.

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## CHAP. LV.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Shew nothing but consusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was now nearly twelve months fince the Harwoods had quitted St. Siffrid's, and more than fix that Mrs. Harwood had received no letter from her fifter; whose filence, but for the excuses Harwood continually invented to impose on her, would have affected her health, from the anxiety she suffered, which was however considerably mended. But Harwood, who foresaw that it would be impossible to carry on the deception much longer,

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onger, and greatly alarmed left the discoveries he had to make concerning Ethelreda should not only retard her reovery, but bring on a relapfe, delayed rom day to day a disclosure, which the preceding one he had refolved to make. Repeatedly he had written to Llewellyn nd Winifred, supposing them, as he ad directed, at Harwood hall :- his perplexity increased at receiving no anwer from either; till, loft in conjectures. one of which could affift him in penerating the mysterious veil that hung wer the fate of Ethelreda, and which eemed to have involved Conway, whose lence was equally aftonishing, he reolved to inform Mrs. Harwood of Caroville's return, dreading left fome aditional circumstances should reach his mowledge, which would increase the difficulty of communicating the first.

But cautiously as he endeavoured to prepare Mrs. Harwood for a recital that

fo materially concerned her fifter, the could not hear that Carloville was alive. and that Ethefreda was perhaps once more in his power, or fuffering the molt terrible fears of being discovered by him, whilft the endured innumerable hardfhips in her concealment, without a grief, horror, and agitation that attacked her spirits and nerves, and scarcely left her fufficient strength to infift on returning to England immediately, notwithflanding Harwood's remonstrances, who represented to himself that a mild climate alone, in the present precarious state of her health, could fave her life; till perceiving at last, that opposition only increased her depression, he consented to leave Lisbon, and return with his whole family to England.

They immediately began to prepare for their little voyage; and the visible effect the near prospect of returning produced on the spirits of Mrs. Harwood,

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wood, in fome measure reconciled him to the step; to which however he was still averse, when he considered that all their hopes must end on their return, unless some fortunate event should happen, of which he had not the most diftant expectation. But in raising obstacles to their immediate departure, he partly hoped to succeed in a proposal he intended to make, of going alone, after having waited the event of once more writing to Conway, for he could think of no other; indeed there was not another person sufficiently interested, or fufficiently informed, to whom he could apply. To Mrs. Harwood he pretended to have formed some distant hopes from. this measure, in order, if possible, to put off her departure, and prevent her from returning at least till the spring.

With some persuasion she consented to wait another packet from England, though still fixed in her original determination;

mination; when, in looking over some pamphlets and magazines, which he regularly received from his bookseller in town, Harwood accidentally read a short but clear detail of the death of Lady Carloville, under a seigned name, at ———, in Switzerland.

Thunderstruck, but not for a moment suspecting the truth, fince nothing appeared to him more probable, and which he had partly foreboded from the time Ethelreda fo ftrangely disappeared; he no longer knew how to impose on Mrs. Harwood, fince every expectation he had already raised could only end in the bitterest disappointment, rendered still more severe by the few faint hopes his mistaken tenderness had encouraged: these added to his embarrassment, as he now thought it necessary he should have a personal conference with Carloville; and that the whole fad truth could no longer be concealed from Mrs. Harwood.

wood, who every day became more and more impatient at hearing nothing in consequence of Harwood's last letter to Conway.

But Harwood, whose perplexities fometimes got the better of his judgment, still put off the intended discovery of all he knew of Ethelreda's fate. though his feelings on her account were often on the point of betraying him through his long practifed difguise. Repeatedly he attempted to put his first plan in execution, of leaving his wife at Lisbon, and of returning alone to England: but she, strenuously adhering to her own resolution of going with him, left him no alternative; and giving way to her earnest entreaties, the whole family went on board a packet then lying at the mouth of the Tagus, and only waiting a favourable wind.

From the moment they began their voyage to England, Mrs. Harwood, feemed

feemed to gather fresh spirits and health. It was with extreme pain that Harwood, though he observed the amendment with rapture, traced every good fymptom to-the animating hope he perceived the had formed of feeing her fifter again. Convinced by almost every demonstration but ocular proof, that this hope could only end in the most fatal disappointment. Harwood's own spirits failed in contemplating the confequences he forefaw as inevitable, when the truth should be discovered to the fiften of Ethelreda. He thought it impossible that the could hear tiding of her death without finking under the calamity-that fifter too the tender, the affectionate Sibilla, whose health had already suffered under the keen sense of her misfortunes. In proportion as Mrs. Harwood's spirits rose, his were depressed; but still under the deluding idea that the was gaining more firength to hear the killing recital,

which seemed like the weight of a mountain on his head, from which the dared that relieve himself, lest a heavier load of misery should be the consequence.

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Nothing could exceed the beauty of the weather-it was impossible for the wind to blow from a more favourable point; and Harwood, who had entertained innumerable fears from Mrs. Harwood's natural timidity, on her account was particularly anxious that it should continue, though the heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay had confined her to her cabin with fea fickness, and prevented her from enjoying the extreme beauty of the fea and fky; and now almost within a day's fail of their destined port, Harwood began to congratulate himfelf on having escaped all the alarms to which perfons on the feas are exposed, when the cry of "A fail !" spied in the offing, and discovered to be an enemy's privateer,

privateer, turned all his exultation into grief and apprehensions of the most ferious nature. The packet unarmed, no idea of refiftance could be entertained. and no hopes of escaping, as the vessel, crowding all her fail, gained upon them every moment. The dispatches were committed to the fea with the utmost expedition; and the enemy, finding no refistance intended, immediately boarded the packet, and, taking out the officers and crew, replaced them with their own, and immediately steered with their prize for the nearest port. The passengers, particularly the ladies, were treated with a tolerable degree of civility; but no personal inconvenience could have added to the disappointment of the Harwoods :- to Mrs. Harwood it feemed as if it was predeftined the should not fee her fister again, and all her high-raised hopes changed to prefages of evil, which fhe tried in vain to conquer. In contemplating

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semplating this, to her, highest grief, she overlooked the many inconveniences and dangers Harwood forefaw and prudently forbore to communicate, so that the was spared the unnecessary pain even in idea; for, in the middle of the night, the first fince their capture, the prisoners were most agreeably disturbed by a visit from the captain of an English frigate! The ill-starred privateer, having failed into the midst of a squadron cruifing off the coast of France, was nearly run down, owing to the darkness and the carelessness of their watch; she was boarded immediately, and the packet re captured.

The Harwoods, too happy at their most unforeseen escape to run any more risk of being carried into France, were rejoiced to hear they were within a few hours sail of the Isle of Wight; and Mrs. Harwood, who had already suffered much from sickness, was most thankful

when

when the once more found herfelf and her family fafe on Englith ground, the packet having landed them at Southampron.

After all the diffres and fatigue they had fuffered, both of body and mind, repose was absolutely necessary for Mrs. Harwood and her children; who would not have submitted to it on her own account, every hour increasing her impatience to meet with or hear fomething of Ethelreda. Harwood, who wished excessively to go alone to St. Siffrid's, in order to hold a conference with Carloville, was glad of any circumftances that would favour it; and, not to lole time, he proposed to her to stay a week or two at Southampton, to recruit her strength, and that of her children, before they undertook their journey into Westmoreland.

on us," said he; " and though I think it necessary to go to St. Siffrid's, I would willingly

willingly spare you the farigue, as well as regret of seeing the Castle in other hands." has an amin the country

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exclaimed Mrs. Harwood: "The last time Ethelreda and I were in the Castle together, we were not happy; yet we were both happier than we are now."

"Perhaps not," faid Harwood!

"I wonder," faid the, without observing him, " if we thall ever meet there again?"

"No — I rather think, not in the Castle," said he, after a short paule, trying to suppress a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Why?—why not?" cried the impatiently. "It founds as if I had few ferious troubles, to hear me fay to; yet I think nothing could add more to my present uneafiness, than to be told I should never see our dear Castle again." Whilst she spoke, Mrs. Harwood Vol. IV. D looked

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looked earnestly in his face. She instantly read in it something of strange import, and, starting up and catching his arm, exclaimed eagerly, "You know something—something terrible!— Tell me."

Harwood paused an instant. "My dearest Sibilla, it is out of our power, I fear. Ethelreda—"faid he, catching her in his arms to prevent her from falling. "Stop, one moment, let me guess!" cried she, with an air that cannot be described, "She's dead!" Harwood shrunk from the truth; he dared not venture to confirm it. "She's in Carloville's power," cried he, "and I go to St. Siffrid's."

"Go this instant!—this moment!—Go tell him—tell him we are very rich—Offer him money—any thing—But is he covetous?—Oh, my dear Harwood! when we were together we were happy without riches! Let us be so again."

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lise At the expence of my whole for tune," faid Harwood. "Bui-"conn nued he, folemnly, wit is impossible! He cannot reflore her nor all the richesiming Tell lime bot loft imposibilities ich eried the in the most animated tonepal ET will go myfelf inhmediately A doithu No, no !"h repeated? Harwood: whear me, Sibilla von all alimoiq sid I w I have no ears, no fenfes mibiooo A ed : certainsquadrative bog liw I will oldel Today promite medicoday to cannot bear a moment's fufpente Policila -VHarwood, finding it impossible co change the full ject," did prothited and then entreated Heroto hear the reasons he had to offer against his immediate de-These however only related parture. to herfelf, and her situation at Southamp-Harwood was averse to leaving ton. her alone in an inn, and wished to stay till he could procure a house; which CHAP. was

was not immediately to be done, as all were occupied.

But Mrs. Harwood's anxiety would admit of no delay; and confidering nothing that concerned herfelf of any confequence, compared to the errand on which the supposed Mr. Harwood was going. The still insisted on his keeping his promise the next day at farthest. Accordingly on the next day he departed; certain that he could not return with any confoling accounts, and that all the satisfaction he could possibly procure would be the melancholy one of knowing that Ethelreda was for ever beyond the reach of her persecutor.

had to offer against his immediate de parture. These however contracted to herself, and her houseon at contractor con. Therwood was avense to leaving her alone in an inc., and wished to stay as he call procure a house; which

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He feem'd in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

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SHAKESPEARE.

ang. Her they were told that and ONWAY and Fitz-Piers, though not less interested in overtaking Carloville, were less fortunate in tracking him than Caerleon had been. They were prianimous in supposing he and Lady Marinmen had croffed the Severn, and confequently took the same route. Fitz-Piers was of opinion that his cousin had made for Briftol, with an intent to get on board fome of the coafting westels, as less liable to discovery than going by land. Conway concurred with him tentirely, and, when they reached Newport D 3 proposed:

proposed hiring a boat and going down the Channel, in order to discover if they were on board any of the veffels lying there ready to fail. To this scheme Fitz-Piers objected, and, with more show of fuccess, defired to proceed to the Paffage; where they should learn if any people had croffed whole appearance corresponded with those they were purfuing. Here they were told that a sall young lady in a veil had waited in post-chaife till the passing-boat was ready to fail, in which the embarked with a companion. By means of large promifes, Conway prefently procured a boat, too impatient to wait till the other returned. But both himself and Fitz Piers were painfully disappointed, that the most minute enquiries were unavaile ing towards tracing them particularly any forther; they could only learn that all the paffengers had taken the road to Briftol; land thither they followed them, neither beloggia

neither fatigued nor dubious of fucbels! till, as they approached the city, it oc curred to Fitz-Piers, that, in follarge is place, to fearch for or trace an unkno individual was a scheme equally wilds and fruitless. The fame idea had fuggested itself to Conway, who, when Fitz-Piers mentioned his doubts, was half at a loss how to answer them, and, after pauling for a moment, could only propose going on board all the vessels ready to fail, under a pretence of curiofity.

Firz Piers agreed ; having nothing to fuggest in return for the many objections he could have raifed, but which he cautiously avoided, lest Conway should fulpect him of leaning towards Carlo ville, and of withing to detach him from the pursuit , for which he perceived to his utter aftonishment, Conway's ardour was undiminished. In reality, he began to fear his cousin's flight had been planned and effected with too mafterly a: hand.

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hand to be interrupted by Conway, whom, from the specimen of his disposition he had feen in their very thors acquaintance, he judged to be as ardent, rall, and unfulpedling, as he knew the other to be deep, artful, and wary. As for himself, he was so conscious of his own inferiority to his coufin in wiles, that he relied entirely on Conway; whom he no fooner perceived to be neis ther cool nor artful, than he relinquish ed his hopes, which were still less fanguine from the expedition of Sir Francis and Lord Caerleon whom he looked upon, in affairs where conduct and judgment were concerned, as little better than two school-boys. He still however, for his own honour, confidered in necesfary to accompany Conway in his fearch, to whatever extravagant excess he should choose to carry it; for, as a relation of Carloville, and heretofore a participator in most of his follies, he dreaded exoatd tremely

abettor of the present outrage, be should unjustly suffer in his character, which he had no other equally essentiations made of vindicating of a games and another equally

afficients calmost chorning when they reached Briftel, and Conway would willingly have adjourned from his carriage to the quays; but Fitz-Piers, who ardently longed to take fome repole after his rapid journey, having used many are guments to convince him that no time could possibly be lost by sleeping till day-break, at last prevailed; and he confented to postpone his fearch an hour or two, after having learned, upon end quity, that all the veffels were wind bound in the road. Not for weeks and months had Conway paffed a night in fleep to undiffurbed and calm, as the few thore hours he allowed hanfelf more in confideration of his companion's fatigue than his own; and which his extraordi-

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many spirits made him consider as an indialgence, rather than a necessary refreshment.

Notwithstanding Conway's impatience the preceding evening to continue his fearch; her flept to fo lave an shour the next day, in confequence of the whoumerable anxieties and extreme fatigues he had fo lately fuffered, that it was near mid day before Firz Piers, who was still less wakeful, began to think of joining his friend, who impatiently waited for him. He flood fome moments looking through the window of an upper room into the court of the ing, where fome of the oftlers were affembled round a man, who, leaping from his horse, affisted in faddling another, which he inftantly mounted, and in a moment departed. The extreme halte of the man reminded Conway of his own urgent bufinels and resolved to lose no more time in waiting. he left a message for Fitz-Piers with a waiter

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waiter whom he had met on the flairs holding the cover of a letter in his hand; the feal of which he was attentively comfidering. Whilft Conway was yet fpeak ing Fitz-Piers joined him, and, accidentally casting his eyes towards the letter and perceiving the feal, impetuonfly fnatching it from the man's hand, faw is was directed to Lord Carloville. Upon enquiry he learnt that it had fallen from the pocket of the stranger whom Conway had just seen depart, and who in his hafte had not noticed the loss of it. Fitz-Piers said nothing to Conway, nor did he give him time to speak, but, or dering horses instantly, seized him by the arm, and descended with him to mount them; and Conway, now fully comprehending that in the owner of the letter Fitz-Piers had discovered his coulin, thought only of enquiring, if it were possible, what road the precipitate stranger had taken The people who flood at the door of the D 6 midi.

inn could give but vague directions—
though some, of whom he had asked a
question or two concerning the tides,
had out of curiofity followed him to the
first gate out of the city.

Not however dispirited at the still very uncertain fuccess of his undertaking, Conway recommenced his pursuitanimated with the hope of feizing Carloville, and delivering him up to Caerleon and Sir Francis L'Esterling-not doubting but the former at least would take a fignal revenge. To Fitz-Piers. who was entirely ignorant of the particular manner in which Conway was in terested in the securing of Carloville's person, the extreme eagerness with which he fought to give him up to the fury of his relations, carried with it an appearance of vindictive spirit very far from the natural disposition of Conway; who, if he had allowed himfelf a moment's reflection, must have perceived that

warrantable, and highly blameable; fince he must have been conscious it did not belong to him to chastise the affront offered to Sir Francis L'Esterling, and that, in seeking to deliver Carloville up to Lord Caerleon, he put his life in the power of a man of ungovernable patisons, who had sworn to repair the honour of his family by consulting only his revenge.

The people who went in pursuit of the imagined murderer of Sir Francis L'Esterling had no kind of difficulty at first in tracking Carloville, whose perfon could be accurately described in very sew words, and which it was impossible not to remark. But he had gained materially in point of distance, though the time was so inconsiderable between his slight and the commencement of the pursuit, that they expected to overtake him at every stage; and by that means

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were fill led on to follow him to the nearest town upon the coast, to which they concluded he would direct his flight, and from thence gain the Continent, forest to Sir Flancis LE

Carloville, who was too strongly prepossessed with the idea of the penalties annexed to the atrocious deeds in which he had been so deeply concerned, not to know that his prefervation entirely depended on his escape, from the moment of his departure had regulated his proceedings under every possible alteration of circumstances. His presence of mind in this extremity did hot forfake him; and knowing he should be instantly overtaken at Southampton, if he made for that place as the nearest, he changed his original intention, and, instead of continuing his journey, returned by a different road in order to embark at fome other port whillt his purfuers, no longer able to trace him, would conclude he ary frage; and by that means

was already out of the kingdom. It was now his intention to make for Ireland, where he meant to conceal himself for some time: he consequently directed his steps towards Bristol; which, notwithstanding all his foresight, was the place, as it proved, he ought most to have avoided.

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in the standard beautiful with white Man Hat wood, who had never entertained floubts concerning the face of Exerceda, fet, cue no his journey to Water, with a heart, and spins equally depetied from pail events and future expectations. Nothing bur abfolute resenting and field he judged there was of feeing Coloville, could have no vailed on him to overcome the reput. nance the felo at recoming to a pince which could only create forrowful fentiments, is ited to those of engage and hard at being obliged to the end converle CHAP.

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bis deps towards British; which, not with-

Camping all his forchent, was the place,

But chief behold around the rattling board in

THOMSON.

MR. HARWOOD, who had never entertained doubts concerning the fate of Ethelreda, fet out on his journey for Wales, with a heart and spirits equally depressed from past events and suture expectations. Nothing but absolute necessity, and such he judged there was of seeing Carloville, could have prevailed on him to overcome the repugnance he selt at returning to a place which could only create forrowful sentiments, joined to those of disgust and hatred at being obliged to see and converse

erse with a man for whom he had alrays entertained a peculiar degree of aborrence; the Caftle too, which he ad regarded with reverence, deferred y the family of L'Esterling, and become he relidence of a wretch who had eated the daughter of the good Sir loger fo unworthily

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The Harwoods had always been on erms of friendly intercourse with the mily at Strathener Caftle; and it was o fooner known that Mr. Harwood as in the neighbourhood, than the in-Higence was carried to Mr. Conway ow almost its only inhabitant; for Lord recastle only continued to breathe nd Mrs. Conway lay almost without ope of recovery, in a delirious fever rom the morning when the received the larming relation of her fon's extravaant behaviour. Glad of any relief rom his own tormenting reflections, and the torturing suspense be had soffered

fered from the day of Conway's maniage with Lady Octavia, now the third he had paffed in almost unintersupredly po dering on the petnicious confequences of all his laboured schemes, and under inceffant dread of, hearing his terrible suspicions confirmed, he dispatched his pressing entreaties to Mr. Harwood, requesting to see him at Strathener whilst his affairs detained him in Wales, Harwood, who expected no less, acquainted as he was with the accustomed hospitality, was much surprised that the invitation did not come from Lord Trecastle. From Mr. Conway, however, be presently learned the cause, as well as the whole chain of extraordinary events which had contributed to Lord Trecastle's illness. With this detail the accounts of Lady Octavia's marriage with Conway was necessarily connected: both of which, to Harwood, were not the least surprising parts of the relation. Dorel Of

Of Ethelreda's death Mr. Gonway could give no particular account, fince nothing more than the mere circumstance, as related in the newspapers and magazines, had ever transpireds of account

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Harwood regretted his loft trouble when he found to how little purpose his journey had nibeen performed. Though he did not relinquish his intention of meeting Carloville, yet be cons cluded it would be wain to attempt it at present; whilf he was flying from the rage of the injured relations of Lady Marianne, whose profligate conduct he heard of without much furprife or concern, since she always appeared indiff criminately a woman of most unamiable manners, and her implacable enmity to Ethelreda was perfectly well known to him, as well as to Mrs. Harwood As for Carloville, no crime however heinous could possibly have added to the despicable opinion and the supreme degree of ·M

of harred which Harwood entertained

It was his intention, notwithstanding Mr. Conway's preffing entreaties, to return to Mrs. Harwood immediately? whom he was imparient to relate all that had to recently happened amongst their old acquaintance, in which, as relations of the L'Esterlings, they were mether concerned and judging his Itay was perfectly whineceffary, he preferred returning, for many reafons, to giving any intelligence by the post. These resolufions were made on the day of his a rival at Strathener, which he intended leaving the next morning, when a letter to Mr. Conway from Lord Caerleon arrived, giving an account of Sir Francis L'Esterling's death, though not circum Anntially: no mention whatever was made of Lady Mariamae, but Lord Caerleon informed his uncle he should be at Strathener as the next day.

Mr. Conway, whose spirits were before funk to a very low ebb, could not bear this terrible piece of intelligence with any degree of composure, and feemed particularly shocked at the acrumulated diffress Lord Caerleon would eel at being made acquainted with his father's melancholy illness and the flight of his second fifter; imploring Mr. Harwood to flay and make the discovery to his nephew, whom he declared he had not resolution to see. To leave a family so peculiarly distressed, when his affiftance was only begged for a fingle day, Harwood was not capable; he therefore confented to wait Lord Caerleon's arrival, and did every thing in his power to relieve the despondence of Mr. Conway, which feemed totally to have changed his character.

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Amidst the astonishing variety of ideas that presented themselves to the mind of Harwood, on hearing events

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fo extraordinary, in which too he was fo intimately concerned, it might be supposed the vast additional fortune he should acquire by the death of Sir Francis L'Esterling would have of been anxious to communicate the ac count to Mrs. Harwood: but in lamenting his death, which he did most interely, Harwood never once recollected he mould be enriched by it! and concluding Mrs. Harwood would fuffer extreme disappointment at receiving a letter which could contain no information whatever of Ethelreda, he fill deferred writing, in the hope of speedily joining his family, string a mel

After a day of anxiety and impatience to Harwood, of dread and apprehensions to Mr. Conway, sloward evening Lord Cheneon arrived. The latter no sooner deard the sound be the carriage appreaching of the latter of the apprehension of the latter of the carriage apprehensions of the latter of the la

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Harwood to remain and receive Lord Caerleon, who presently made his appearance. Fatigued, exhausted, hag and depressed, he walked sowly no the room, and, perceiving, Mr. Jarwood with much surprise, stepped back, and in rather a forbidding tone exclaimed, "Mr. Harwood bere already?" instantly concluding he came as the heir of Sir Francis L'Esterling; a want of feeling that forcibly struck him, made a man and less delicates.

Harwood, who was not less delicate than tenacious, I was equally surprised and vexed at his manner, which placed him in the light of an intruder to this own inconvenience. "Excuse me, Lotd Caerleon!" said heavy circumstances in which you 'are particularly fronterned. "I understand you, Sir!" said Caerleon, interrupting him in the same

sir Francis L'Esterling.

"I wish your Lordship would allow me to make a proper apology for being found in your house, as that appears to me to be what displeases you," said Harwood haughtily. "I came into this country on business of my own," continued he, "and I stay at Mr. Conway's entreaty, having undertaken the unpleasant office of disclosing to you lordship..."

"What! You mean to profecute—" Pray give me leave!" faid Harwood impatiently;—" I am forry that I have undertaken to inform your lord fhip that Lord Trecastle is dangerously ill, and that Lady Ostavia Conway has been missing since the night of your Lordship's departure." Then, slightly bowing, Harwood was leaving the room; when Caerleon, catching his hand, exclaimed in a voice of deep distress.

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diffress, "Pray stay, Harwood I — if but for half an hour, stay to convince me that you do not resent my petutance." Without answering, Harwood instantly sat down; whilst Caerleon with a disturbed manner walked about the room. "My father dangerously ill—and Octavia gone!" said he, turning to Harwood—"Poor Sir Francist May I ask, Mr. Harwood, if you mean to prosecute?"

"You feem to think, Lord Caerleon," faid Harwood with fome furprife,
"that I come there merely to interfere
in the private concerns of your family!
Nothing can be more remote from my
intentions, or my character t. I need not
temind you that you are more nearly
related to Sir Francis L'Esterling by
marriage than Lam."

wife is his heir Hogari virgina at it and

Vot. IV. E it,"

it," faid Harwood; "but it is so long fince I have ceased to consider myself as interested in that estate, that I protest I had forgotten the clause in savour of the semale branch."

"Not then knowing how to receive your directions time enough, I have already ordered the body to be brought to St. Siffrid's Caftle; but every thing that remains to be done you can now personally transact."

continue my journey to-morrow; I have already confiderably exceeded my first intention.

Caerleon.— You will not forgive me then, though I entreat you to pardon the rudeness with which I accosted you? You know not how much I am interested to prevail on you to stay; I mean, that it is utterly impossible for me to offer you my services in transacting any business.

business.—Here is my father—and this other unfortunate girl: I must entreat you to affist me in keeping Sir Francis's death concealed from him, at least for some time."

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Mr. Conway had now collected refolution enough to see his nephew—Caerleon heard from him a repetition of the circumstances already briefly related by Harwood, with the additional one of Mrs. Conway's illness: and scarcely did he suffer more in hearing the relation, than Mr. Conway in making it; for no aggravation, apparently, seemed wanting to fill up the measure of distress with which every individual was overloaded.

Though Harwood felt some curiosity to know how the unfortunate Sir Francis had received his death, respect for Caerleon's feelings, whose agitation at mentioning his name was evident, withheld him from hazarding a single quest-

E 2 tion;

know when the body would arrive, that he might fix the day of his return to Mrs. Harwood, to whom he intended writing immediately, after having made repeated efforts, but in vain, to depart before the interment.

On the evening of the next day (s day of augmented grief to all the family, on account of Dr. Felton's fear for Mrs. Conway; whom he attended), a meffenger, who preceded the body of Sir Francis L'Esterling, arrived at Strathener, to inform Lord Caerleon, as he had ordered, that the hearfe was within 2 few miles of the Caftle. Amidft the confusion and horror this melancholy event had railed in the mind of Caerleon, he had forgotten to make any preparations for the funeral, which he rather wished to be private; but thinking it was now become necessary that Harwood fhould give his own directions, he mentioned

mentioned the plan he had originally laid down, which was that of placing the body in the family vault as privately as possible, and as soon as it arrived.

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Harwood, who could not comprehend why fo much privacy was necesfarv, fince he had never been given to understand that Sir Francis died a violent death by his own hands, would have requefted to know why Lord Caerleon had fixed on a plan fo conwary to the custom of each family, which invariably on fuch occasions displayed with the most pompous oftentation its ancestry and wealth, had he not been prepoffessed with an idea, that for him even to have asked the reason would have carried with it an appearance of affuming an authority superior to that of Lord Caerleon, whom he confidered as the nearest relation of the deceased: and accordingly himself. Lord Caerleon, and Mr. Conway departed for St.

E 3

Siffrid's,

Siffrid's, to receive for the last time the most unfortunate lord of it.

On driving into the Castle-court, some fervants, who heard the found of the carriage, ran out with lights, probably expecting it was Lord Carloville returned. At first Harwood would have alighted at the hall-door; but on approaching it. and perceiving by the found of voices and finging, and the light that blazed through the windows, it was in the polfession of Lord Carloville's guests, he ordered the fervant who attended to shew him another entrance. With an infolent air of aftonishment at the authority which this stranger assumed, the men preceded them to another apartment, when one was dispatched by Harwood to bring him implements for writing, and the other went to give an account of these intruders to the gentlemen in the ball. It will be believed to him

With the persons of Lord Caerleon and

and Mr. Conway, though no visitors of Lord Carloville, they were well acquainted; and, gueffing that their bufiness concerned Lady Mariamne, the spirit of curiofity taking place of faro,. they gave up play to question the fervant, and penetrate, if possible, the motives that had brought them from Strathener so late in a dismal stormy night. Whilst the servant was describing the person of Mr. Harwood, whom none of them knew, another brought a theet of paper, which he placed on one of the tables, before which sat Sir Dennis Castlebar, half drunk, roaring fomething like a tune at the height of his voice, by way of triumph over the scattered remains of the dice-box, which his adverfary had just facrificed to his disappointment. Sir Dennis made two or three attempts to read the paper as it lay before him; but his fight being rather confused, as well as his senses, he called to the Saldren

E 4

the fervant—" Here! you ferving man—lacquey—livery-man—read this bulletin—Do you understand me?—Here, 'tis a gentleman's hand—I never could read a gentleman's hand in my life!"

The man did as he was ordered, and read aloud: "Lord Caerleon, for very particular reasons, requests the gentlemen will remove to another apartment of the Castle."

Who?" cried fome of the company
Lord Caerleon!" repeated others
"What right has he to turn us out?"
afked all in a breath.—" He will find it
fomewhat—corfed difficult—hard—to
eject 'me!" faid Caftlebar fearcely articulating."

In the midst of the turnust a rumbling noise was heard in the court, and presently some men entered the hall bearing the cossin of Sir Francis L'Esterling on their shoulders.

Where shall we fet down the corpse?"

corpfe?" faid one of them to the others; looking around him on all fides.

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At the found of the word "corple," the whole party, staggering, running, and rolling, cleared the room in an instant, leaving the last arrived in full possession.

Caerleon no fooner understood they were gone than he haftened with Mr. Harwood and Mr. Conway to join the fmall funeral, which he had proposed should proceed through the Castle-gardens, and reach the Church by means of the nailed gate of the Myrtle-garden. A very little time was necessary to arrange the order of these unadorned obfequies. Without any magnificent decorations, or even a name on his coffin, his fplendid and highly-prized escutcheon unemblazoned, his ancient descent unnoticed, with a funeral procession composed of but three persons, in filence and obscurity Sir Francis L'Esterling, MATTO the E 5

the last of a line which had been traced beyond the kings of Jerusalem, for ever departed from the mouldering mansion of his ancestors.

and rolling, ileared the room in an inflant, leaving the last airlied in the polledion.

Carrieds no looner underland they were gond than he hallened with Mr. Hawood and Mel Conway to join the that Tiberal which he had proposed Mould proceed defengly the Chinic-pardress and reach the Churca by more of the niches bace of the Mynie-gutors. A very little come was necessitar to are range the order of the Condonied obfacilities. Wilhout ally magnificant decatunoscipreven a catre of he colin, his condours o hazirg-grige I ben bibada membranica, his notical defent unsottend, with a streetal procession compolitic of ant content period in city co and observe the Europie & Editions. oli i CHAP.

tothed and motive around in each of suppositor on the best concers with fuch frong

CHAP. LYIII.

L'ultima che fi perde è la speranza. distribitam delptic and which Ethel-

reda ben'est, begin so lee to the of THOUGH Ethelreda never doubted the fincerity of Conway's attachment to her, the knew not how to reconcile with it his marriage with Octavia, and blamed her own want of presence of mind, which had prevented her from making him explain his motives when he urged her fo paffionately to leave the Caftle with him; and which in appearance the confented to do, choosing rather to incur the chance of discovering herself to Carloville, if by that means the might restore Conway to his friends, and prevent him from putting his terrible defigns in execution. Yet she knew not how to account for the almost instantaneous F. 6 change hame A

change in his manners when he left her on the battlements with fuch ftrong forebodings of better fortune, fince nothing the thought could invalidate that rash marriage with Octavia, which had driven him to despair, and which Ethelreda herself began to see for the first time in the light, of an additional calemity; and the small ray of Conway's hopes, which had pierced through the gloomy prospect of her life, was again obscured. The necessity of seeking out fome other afylum prefented infelf, but the could fix on nothing : if the quitted the Caftle, the knew the flould never more fee Conway; if the flayed, the prefaged a repetition of that feene in which the had exposed herself to so many misfortunes. It mair va it sollivol.

Unufed to liften, it was fome rime before thele melancholy meditations were interrupted by the tolling of the funeral-bell. It was night. Ethelreda chang.

ftarted

started at the first found that struck her dar; no one had been inverted so late in the Church of St. Sissing, since her father's death: she could form no idea of who this could be—but determined, if possible, to see, the searched her way through the passages, directed by the vibration of the bell to that which led to the Church, which she cautiously entered.

The grave digger had just taken the candle out of his lanthorn, to see more clearly into the grave he had been opening, when Ethelreda ventured to approach a little, and perceived it was the vault of her family. She stepped back several paces in amazement; the concluded it might be preparing for Carlo ville:—it was impossible she could think of the death of that man, whose life and morals were so well known to her, without horror; for could she endure the thought of seeing him placed under the same

fame from that covered the remains of her own family. Almost suffocated with her emotions, but not daring to breathe, Ethelreda made towards the porch.

Presently the garden-door, which was opposite to it, opened; and she saw, by the light of lanthorns which the underbearers carried, the funeral approaching. She glided into one of the side aisles as they drew near, and, looking earnestly at them as they passed, clearly distinguished Mr. Conway and Lord Caerleon.

The filence—the time of night—the obscure and mysterious privacy of this interment—and above all, the presence of Mr. Conway, made every explanation to the distracted Ethelreda. It was not Carloville, but Conway they were carrying to his grave—Conway had laid violent hands on his own life, and in dying had entreated to be buried there.

The

The lanthorns did not cast a ray of light two seet from its centre. Ethelreda wrapped herself from head to soot in some of the black drapery they had thrown off the cossin, and came within a little distance of the vault, filent as death itself.

The grave-digger, addressing one of the gentlemen, declared there was not room for the reception of another corple in the present state of the vault: "He must be taken to Strathener, then!" said Caerleon.

"He shall not be buried any where but here!" said Harwood: "Let the service be read, and let them enlarge the vault afterwards; it may be done in the course of the night." It was agreed to, and the service began.

A piercing figh, or rather groan, made them all tremble.—" Who was that?" faid Mr. Morgan the clergyman, interrupting himself.

" Hush!

" Hush !- Go on !" faid Harwood.

Ethelreda, alarmed, retreated towards the chancel; but, unable to refleain them, her fights became deeper and more piercing. They all followed the founds of diffress, in horror little inferior to hers; but she, wrapped in impenetrable darkness, sunk behind the altar-piece, and, falling on the steps of the vaulted palfage, for a few moments her miseries and lamentations were suspended.

Dismayed and astonished, they sollowed but a few paces, and instantly returned to the grave. The service was finished in silence; and the three gentlemen, immediately leaving the church, stepped into the carriage that brought them, and returned to Strathener, ordering the sexton and his attendants to work upon the vault, which they expected would be closed up before the morning.

But they were no fooner gone than

the fexton and grave-digger prepared to go too, determined upon no account whatever to stay there all night to listen to the groams, but to refume their work early in the morning. They had gathered up their spades and mattocks, the furplice, prayer-book, and black gowns, when the pall was discovered to be miffing. It was fearched for in every part of the church, but in vain : the concern and wonder of the fexton and his colleagues increased the fexton declared the price of a velvet pall was more than he was worth-and the grave digger endeavoured to comfort him by faying it would never be wanted again, fince the last of the knights of the Castle had certainly taken it wish him. No perfuation was wanting to make the fexton concur in this belief; and refolving to make no mention of the loss, they all left the Church petrified with fear and aftonishment.

CHAP.

ferron and private latter transaction

## EHAP LIX

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More needs the the divine, than the physician.

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HILST Harwood was employed in the melancholy office of attending the remains of Sir Francis L'Esterling to the grave, Mrs. Harwood told every hour fince his departure, in anxious expectation of hearing news of Ethelreda by the first post that could arrive; and had already determined as foon as five received the information, to meet her on the road and proceed on their journey into Westmoreland. With her mind full of this defign Mrs. Harwood role early, and was preparing to follow her children in their morning walk, when one of their servants, both of whom had lived: .TALIO with.

with her at the Castle, ran back to entreat her mistress to come and see a lady in great distress, who she faid was fo like Lady Mariamne L'Esterling it must be herfelf. Without stopping to question the fervant, improbable as the flory appeared, Mrs. Harwood instantly followed her to the door. At a little distance from it stood a cast: round it several people were gathered; amongst them two or three gentlemen were trying to difengage the unfortunate Lady Mariamne from its wheels, which the clung to with the agony of terror, and all the ftrengthof delirium. Mrs. Harwood instantly knew her-but, too aftonished at her appearance and the strangeness of her ficuation, the was for a moment at a loss for words to address her, or the persons furrounding her .- "For Heaven's fake ! Lady Mariamne, tell me what has happened to you!" cried Mrs. Harwood at last-" What can have occasioned your being

being here alone in this distress?—Where is Sir Francis?—Can I affist you?"

At hearing her own name, Lady Mariamne fixed her wild eyes on Mrs. Harwood, and told her, in an impatient tone, the should be careful how the answered—the was perfectly aware of her intentions.

"You do my intentions great injustice, Lady Mariamne!" faid Mrs. Harwood a little hurt; "but perhaps," continued the, "you do not recollect me fince my illness—Sir Francis's confin —Mr. Harwood is not—"

flee, stemly intersupting her; "I recollect your fister too!—Sir Francis's coufins!—Ha, ha! I believe Sir Francis and his cousins would have some difficulty to know each other again!—I wonder which is most altered, he or Ethelreda!"—and again she burst into a loud laugh.

It was now that Mrs. Harwood perceived the derangement of her faculties: the by turns interrogated the people round her, but could gain no other information than the owner of the cart had been able to gather from the broken and unconnected fentences attered by Lady Mariamne; and the herfelf, with a stern countenance and haughty tone, refused to answer a fingle question, peremptorily declaring the would accompany her guide and no other. The man, on whom the possession of the valuable pocket-book began to have some effect. was now very well inclined to favour her intention of proceeding with him, in fpire of the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Harwood, whole compassion and fears for the unhappy creature became more powerful at the apprehention, of feeing her depart alone, to go the knew not whither, in the power of a stranger, and in the delirium of a fever apparently brought on by anguish of mind.

One of the gentlemen, who had forborne to speak from the moment Mrs. Harwood addressed the strange lady by her name, perceiving the earnestness with which the former endeavoured to prevail on her to stay, and that the driver of the cart took a contrary fide, now advanced towards Mrs. Harwood, and calling her by her name-" I ought to apologize to you, madam, for the liberty I take in addressing you-My name is Carloville, the brother of Lord Carloville; and this gentleman," pointing on his right, " is Mr. Almersly, an intimate acquaintance of Lord Caerleon, Will you fuffer us to affift in conveying Lady Mariamne L'Esterling to the inn?-My friend is unfortunate in being introduced under fuch bad auspices !" continued Mr. Carloville with a half figh, perceiving

perceiving Mrs. Harwood's troubled countenance, and that the did not answer.

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"I beg you to pardon my inattention, gentlemen !" faid Mrs. Harwood, trying to fpeak with fome composure-" I am highly obliged to you I trust Lady Mariamne to your care." The man now delivered the pocket-book into the hands of Mr. Carloville. Mrs. Harwood, from her own purse, satisfied him for his trouble, and, not without some violence and exertion, Lady Mariamne was conveyed to the inn. Both her strength and spirits now evidently began to fink-the was carried to a chamber, and, before the arrival of the physician, her voice grew fo languid and inarticulate that no intelligible found could be heard from her lips, notwithstanding many efforts the made to speak to Mrs. Harwood, on whom the fixed her eyes without

without intermission. The physician gave no decifive opinion of her cafe; but, defiring the might not be diffurbed, Mrs. Harwood left the room, hoping. when the had retired from her fight. the would fleep. sondor smol driv slesol of

Mr. Carloville and Mr. Almerly waited Mrs. Harwood's return, and both entreated to be employed in any manner the could posibly fliggelt, either in her fervice, or that of Lady Mariamne.

Prepoffeffed as flie was for juffly against the name of Carloville, a name the could fearcely endure to hear repeated, the at first coolly but politely declined troubling either him or Mr. Almersly any farther :- the glanced her eyes towards Mr. Carloville as the repeated her thanks, and, perceiving him colour with mortification and difapl pointment, the Rammered, hefitated, within

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"I fee it is in vain to combat prejudices so well-founded—An opportunity that I have sought so assiduously—" repeated Mr. Carloville in a tone of vexation: "Good day to you, madam," bowing low as he approached the door.

"Stay, fir!" cried Mrs. Harwood.
"Shall I encroach too much on your time, or Mr. Almersly's, if I trouble you to acquaint Lord Caerleon by a letter, that his fister is here, and carefully artended?—The whole family must necessarily be under great alarm at missing her."

"You do me much honour, madam," faid Mr. Carloville;—" with pleasure.—Believe me, Mrs. Harwood, I have longed wished for the acquaintance of your family."

"Ah! you remind me of things not Vol. IV. F. pleasant!"

pleasant 1" said Mrs. Harwood, turning away her face in tears.

"I am too unfortunate!" exclaimed

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That is Carloville them," andwered

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## CHAP. LX.

delinined Conway, and

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear?
Hast made thine enemies?

SHAKESPEARE.

CONWAY and Fitz-Piers, deferted by the people in the street, pursued the man whom they supposed to be Carlo-ville, through the nearest gate. In a few moments, notwithstanding the advantage the sugitive had of his pursuers, they, who spared neither themselves nor their horses, were within sight of the man whom Conway had just seen at the inn. He appeared to stacken his speed as he approached a little village not far from the old walls of the city. That is the man 1" cried Conway.

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" That

"That is Carloville then," answered Fitz-Piers, "if ever I saw him in my life!"

"In another moment I'll fecure him!"—exclaimed Conway, and began to spur his horse.

"Stop!—I charge you!—Do not irritate him to any act of railines; he may be armed, though we are not."

"Am I to suffer him to escape then, when I have him in my power?" asked Conway, angrily.

"Suffer me to follow him, and speak to him first. I dread your impertuosity."

"I see you think me not to be trusted, and treat me like a child; but do not suppose I shall suffer you to run the risque of encountering him alone."

"I do not defire it," faid Fitz-Piers;
"I only entreat you to be calm, or leave Carloville to me entirely." While he was yet speaking, the person before them

them leaped from his horse over a hedge, and ran across a field towards a cottage at a little distance. Conway and Fitz-Piers instantly followed, and with such rapidity, that he whom they pursued had scarcely entered the house, when Conway, who rushed first after him, seized the pistols he was taking from his pockets, and, telling him he could not escape, would have given him in charge to Fitz Piers whilst he himself went for the officers of justice.

Fitz Piers, apprehensive, from the violence of both their characters, of some desperate attempt, stepped between them, and, taking the pistols out of Conway's hands, would have discharged them; when, at the appearance of a woman whom their noise had brought from the room above, they dropped from his hands, and he stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on Carloville.

F 3

As for Carloville, all idea of escape seemed to have deserted him; his countenance varied in colour and expression, and he appeared to suffer all the agonies of shame and remorfe. The woman seemed not less agitated at the sight of him, than Fitz Piers at seeing her: the looked at them both with the most piercing and anxious expression in her countenance, and, stepping towards Carloville with a tottering pace, attempted to reach the hand which Fitz-Piers involuntarily held out to her; but from weakness she would have sallen on the shoot, had he not caught her in his arms.

"I have done this !"—cried Carloville, in a voice that made even Conway tremble.

"You—you, Carloville?"—faid Fitz-

"What !" cried Conway, "Fitz-

"Let me go—I will not stay to hear her

her speak to cried Carloville, making towards the door; "I have too many accusations to answer elsewhere."

"I will not accuse you," said the woman, opening her half-closed eyes at the sound of his voice:—" You may go—I will never follow you with one reproach."

"Have I deserved this of you?—has
the?" said Fitz-Piers, fixing his eyes
sternly on his cousin: then turning away
in disgust—"I have loved this man—
and this punishment I have corned:"

"Tell me, Fitz Piers, what this means.
Who is this lady?" faid Conway, in a voice more expressive of concern than curiosity.

"I'll not hear another word—let me begone!" cried Carloville, stamping as he spoke.

"You shall not move—you shall answer your accusers here," reiterated Conway, as he forcibly held him.

F4 "What I

What !—Have I murdeted your brother?—have I deceived your fifter?—have I flolen your wife?" cried Carlowille, with frantic rapidity.

"Worfe!—A thousand times worse!" cried Conway, almost equally agitated.

"Gruel!—Inhuman!—to follow me—
to expose me to the world!—And you,
Eustace, whom I hoped never to have
feen, who had long forgotten me!" said
the stranger, in tears.

"I feemed indeed to have forgotten you! I tried to forget you, or only remembered you with bitterness and refentment," faid Fitz Piers, in a relenting tone.

"Oh, my dear Eustace!—I have deferved your hatred! I dare not ask you to pardon me—or him for my sake—" pointing to Carloville.

"What is he to you, that you dare intercede for him?" faid Fitz-Piers with terrible sternness.

" Nothing."

" Nothing Ham and of I "-- while so

"Nothing!—Seven years ago you were my wife," angrily exclaimed Carloville.
""Your wife?" faid Fitz Piers.

"Seven years?" repeated Conway, retreating back feveral paces in altonishment.

The lady, releasing herself from Fitz-Piers, would have sprung towards him, but Carloville watching his opportunity, precipitately sled, and she dropped sainting on the floor. Conway, instantly raising her, would have sollowed Carloville, when Fitz-Piers, catching him by the arm, earnestly entreated he would suffer him to escape, or at least not constrain bim to be instrumental in his punishment.—" He is amenable to the laws, leave him to them," said he; "it will be more to your honour, and that of your family."

of punishing him myself," said Conway

F 5 calmly

calmly.—" He was married feven years ago to this lady," continued he, after a short pause: "that is sufficient."

"So I think," faid Fitz-Piers thoughtfully: "And it would appear vindictive and unfeeling in me to purfue him any farther: let his crimes be his punishment!—But it will be necessary to prove the marriage."

"How fo?—He shall never live with his wife again," exclaimed Conway.

"No, never!" faid Fitz-Piers, looking with surprise at Conway—" But you will allow it is not the less necessary to vindicate the honour of his wife for her own sake?"

Conway had forgotten for a moment that he alone knew of the existence of Ethelreda; and recollecting that himself and Fitz-Piers were equally ignorant of the subject each supposed the other to be speaking of, he was silent.

Where, madam, were you married?"

faid Fitz-Piers, addresting the lady, who, unable to answer, burst into fresh tears.

" Do not diffress her !" faid Conway compassionately. "What, Fitz-Piers, do you intend doing ?"

"I know not," faid Fitz-Piers. "I cannot leave this diffressed creature here: yet it is absolutely necessary I should not delay a moment; and till I can get her to hear me calmly, nothing can be done."

"I too," faid Conway, " must immediately return-this very night, if it be possible!"-and his eyes sparkled with pleasure and impatience as he spoke: "A thousand reasons urge it,"

"You will not leave me?" faid Fitz-Piers reproachfully.

" No!" cried Conway, " nor must you leave me. Bring this lady with your my mother shall meet her at Frampton,

F 6

if the wift for fociety; I can dispose of her, and of the Lodge." a condition of

"Do you think Mrs. Conway would"

Conway, interrupting him : Befides, b I have more than one Mrs. Conway at my disposal.

Whom do you mean And a si di ang

not delay a momenty and "My wife."

My Your wife ? Lady Octavia ?! or and

"No. What tempted you to utter that unpropitious name?" faid Conway, loing at once all the gaiety of his tone and countenance?

Conway staid not to hear him, instantly departing to send a chaise for him and the lady.

Conway had proceeded fome miles on his return to Strathener, wrapped in meditations on the extraordinary con92

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clusion of his pursuit of Carloville, of the interest he himself took in it, and of the effect it would have on Ethelreda, before Fitz-Piers and the Aranger once entered his head. Notwithstanding her homely attire and agitated countenance, he had perceived the traces of beautyand in the tones of her voice, and manner of expressing herself, fomething of that captivating sweetness he had often remarked in Ethelreda. " It certainly must be this likeness that has interested me fo much for her," faid he in thought; and looking back for Firz Piers he wished for an instant to have asked him if he had not discovered some refemblance to the picture at St. Siffrid's 2but the carriage was not in fight.

maining day he fully expedted and most earliest yandled for some explanation of the fact of Sr Francis L'Alerling; but not even his times, or any subject that could resid to it, was ever mentioned

CHAP.

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## CHAP. LXL

red product admired at Especial

Construction of the contract o

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,

Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the firond whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witnes'd usurpation.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was now the second day since the funeral; and Harwood, impatient of any more delays, though he selt much compassion for the wretched family at Strathener, was resolved nothing should prevent him from returning to Mrs. Harwood with all expedition. In the remaining day he fully expected and most earnestly wished for some explanation of the sate of Sir Francis L'Esterling; but not even his name, or any subject that could possibly lead to it, was ever mentioned

tioned by Lord Caerleon; and with equally ferupulous care he avoided speaking of Lady Mariamne. Lady Caerleon gave them but little of her company, declaring all her time was taken up in attending Mrs. Conway, who was in reality the only one of her female relations she had any respect for. It was with real fatisfaction Harwood heard of fome favourable symptoms in her diforder, and that her phylician thought it possible, if her strength was not too much exhausted by its violence, she might recover. Though Caerleon had much affection for Mrs. Conway, Harwood, to his great furprife, could not perceive that he took any interest in this pleasing intelligence; nor did his father's illnefe, though it occupied his time, feem to occupy his thoughts: in effect, his fifter's conduct, which added shame to his distreffes, wounded him more deeply than any other calamity. To be " a dial for the

the flow moving finger of fcorn to point at," Caerleon, of all men, was leaft able to endure; and frequently, as he thought of what he had ftill to fuffer, a fkilful observer might have seen the past in the fudden and strongly marked transitions of his countenance.

Caerleon was fitting in his father's room, apparently watching him, when Harwood came to tell him he was going. In the course of that day Lord Trecastle had appeared to know his son, and had attempted to speak for the fish time since his seizure. Caerleon started at the sight of Harwood prepared to depart. "I am sorry to leave you's faid the latter, "but you know how! am 'circumstanced, and will allow the necessity."

Mr. Harwood, I am forry for your departure," faid Caerleon folemnly; and as we may never meet again, I will you and Mrs. Harwood all happines."

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"We never shall meet again, if you have any objection, my Lord," said

"Put no unkind construction on what I have said; I cannot explain my-felf," continued Caerleon. "We part in friendship, do we not?"

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"Certainly," cried Harwood, "I am fure my conduct has implied nothing to the contrary."

"Do not then suffer my missortunes to prejudice you against me hereafter."

"I can pardon you the caution," said Harwood, "because I know that misfortunes commonly have that effect; but I am proud to say, my conduct has never provoked it."

Caerleon was prevented from answering by the sound of his father's voice, speaking inarticulately. He approached his head nearer, to distinguish what he uttered. The dying man fixed his half-closed eyes upon his son. "Caerleon-your

your fifter Mariamne " he breathed with a deep groan, and expired inftantly.

Caerleon fat motionless for fome mi nutes, with his eyes fixed on the ground in deep meditation. Harwood, at a los what course to purfue, stood watching him intently, and was furprifed to remark, that rage and not forrow had taken possession of his features. At last, start. ing up, he exclaimed, " If I could in her dead, I should be happy !- but not here—in this house fire fall never come again-no, not her bones!" Then with his own hand clofing the heavy eye-lids of the corfe, he drew the curtains, and taking Harwood by the arm, " Come with me," faid he, "to my uncle: you have yet much to hear; and now I think I can tell it you." lo nated shared gai

Harwood, unable to recover from his aftonishment at this fcene, in which Caerleon's character appeared in fo extraordinary a light, accompanied him in 21402

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filence: but his wonder ceased when he heard at length what deeper causes of forrow had laid hold on his feelings and he agreed with Caerleon, that a death like that they had witneffed, independent of its cause, was not a subject of regret but of rejoicing; for what more terrible could be imagined than the fufferings of Lord Trecastle, had he lived to hear the fate of his eldest daughter, and of the misconduct of the other? Even Caerleon, forgetting all his former bright prospects, envied the unconscious repose of the departed i Mr. Conway heard of his brother's death with more emotion though bis affection for him had been little, and Caerleon's had been great Misfortunes of the most serious kind had taken away the keenness of lesser forrows from him, whilst Mr. Conway's hard nature had only been rendered penetrable at all by their acuteness, a radiom sent to

Harwood now found himself con-

firained to lengthen his stay unasked, for he was the only person in this as slicked house sufficiently collected to give the necessary orders upon such oceasions; he therefore wrote to Mrs. Harwood, giving Lord Trecastle's death as the reason of his prolonged stay.

Though Conway had invited Fitz. Piers and the stranger to Frampton, such was his impatience to reach St. Siffid's that he entreated them to proceed directly to Strathener Caftle, under pretence that the house at Frampton was empty. This was life reality the cale, for though he loft forme ferrants there with Dr. Felton, the various events at Strathener had cauled most of them to remove; there. Fitz Piers was diffrested ar this new arrangement, which he had been drawn into, and reluctantly fropped atdStrathener & Conway knew nothing of his mother's illness, and writing a thort note as he fat in his carriage, begged Grained Fitzd.

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Fitz-Piers to give it, and she would immediately wait on the lady who accompanied him. "Nothing," said he,
"but the most urgent affairs should
oblige me to leave you at this instant—
in half an hour or less I will join you,
and explain." Conway did not wait to
ask one single question about his family,
but ordered his postillions to drive him
to St. Siffrid's.

In the mean time, Fitz Piers, who by no means liked his introduction at Strathener Castle, sat in his chaise at the gate, deliberating whether he should go into the house or not; very ill pleased with Conway for his inconsiderate be haviour, and half inclined to drive off in resentment, but for the sake of his companion, who did not speak, but appeared sinking with fatigue. On enquiring for Mrs. Conway, he found to his great surprise she was confined to her bed by illness, and that Lord Caerleon had

had given orders to be denied to every one. Fitz-Piers immediately gueffed on Lady Mariamne's account, and was about to depart, when he faw a gentleman coming towards the chaife. Mr. Harwood had feen both the carriages ftop at the gate, and begged Dr. Felton to explain to the company why the family could not be feen; but to offer the usual accommodations in the Castle.

What venerable looking figure is that coming towards us?—Look!—do you know that face?" cried Fitz-Pien

"Ah! do I know it?" exclaimed the lady, springing in such haste from the carriage that she fell on the ground. The old gentleman hastened to assist her, and with Fitz-Piers carried her into the hall, and, placing her on a chair, looked earnestly at her and at Fitz-Piers by turns.

The lady turned away her face in team from his scrutinizing eye, as if unable to support ne

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support its enquiry; then catching his hand, she dropped on her knees, and exclaimed in a voice of anguish, "You disown me!—your memory refuses to acknowledge me—penitent as I am, and dearly as I have answered all my errors!"

The mild yet clouded countenance of the old man was covered with a faint colouring as he liftened in doubt and uncertainty. " I remember you well, Mr. Fitz-Piers," faid he; "but can it be. possible—is this—this my Ellen?—Is this the face that in my mind's eye I knew fo well?-fo perfect once!-Oh, my Ellen!" continued he, raising her in his arms, "did you feel no forrow, no compassion, that you left me feven long years, your fate involved in darkness? Oh, what a night of misery! But I will not break a solemn promise—I have sworn never to reproach you; but to receive you with gratitude

bad not quitted me but to return."

"" But I," faid Fitz-Piers, almost too
much affected at his uncle's mildness to
speak, "I cannot so easily pardon her;
not with respect to myself, for I thought
her unworthy, and had forgotten her;
but her silence towards you, sir, for seven
years—you, whose very existence seemed
to hang upon her!"

cried Ellen sub my; fenles float when I think of it! 22 you con-

Moh, never may the past disturb one moment of the future!" said the Doctor, wiping then tears from her eyes, at the same time that he assured her of his undiminished affection. "But you are satigued and severish, my love," said her "I am desired by Mri Harwood to offer the accommodations of the Castle, nor could I be happy at having you surther removed

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removed from me; I am afraid," continued he, putting his hand to his fore-head, "I am certain I could not bear to lose you again."

"We will never again be separated, my dear uncle!" cried Ellen affectionately.

"I am forry," said Fitz-Piers, "to mention any objection; but I believe, as Carloville's relations, we are here unwel-come as well as improper guests."

"I hear it rumoured in the soule that he has offended some of this family," said the Doctor lighing.

"Oh, he has offended many—many!" exclaimed Ellen. "Do you, fir, remember Carloville?"

"Do I remember Carloville?" re-

"Name him not, Ellen," cried Fitz-Piers sternly; "your best ornament is silence, now."

"You, Eustace, have learned to hate me for misfortunes, not for crimes, re-Vol. IV. G member," member," said Ellen with some remaining spirit in her eyes, that was soon quenched again in tears.

"This harshness, Eustace, is quite out of season," said the Doctor: "you yourself might have expected reproof from one but little more disposed to assume authority than I am."

"I readily allow it, sir," said Fitz-Piers; "but I cannot endure that name should be mentioned in your hearing."

"I will never ask one question: let this moment be the last of uneasiness, and you, my dear Ellen, shall be happy, and so will I."

"But still," said Fitz Piers, returning to the subject they had quitted, "I cannot think of taking up my abode in this house, convinced as I am of its impropriety. I wish Conway had not been quite so inconsiderate: by offering to take us to Frampton, he has led me into this dilemma, and I have been absorbed.

furd enough to liften to his wild pro-

"What Captain Conway?" repeated the Doctor in a tone of pleasure and surprise. "You will be welcome to some of the family at least, if you bring intelligence of him."

"Hasten then to tell them of it, sir. Ellen can remain here to-night, as your niece, if you think proper; and if she has any wish to be introduced to the ladies—"

"Lady Caerleon is the only one here," faid the Doctor; " and she is too much engaged with attending Mrs. Conway, of whom I begin to hope favourably. If her life should be spared a day longer, I make no doubt hearing of her son will contribute more towards her recovery than all my prescriptions."

Fitz-Piers learnt from the Doctor many circumstances of the Strathener family, of which Conway, as he had previously G<sub>2</sub> discovered.

discovered, was ignorant. Lord Trecastle's death he thought an additional
circumstance in objection to his staying,
notwithstanding a polite message from
Harwood, in the name of the family, to
make the Castle as convenient to himsels
as possible; and after recommending his
sister not to be seen, he departed, having
reluctantly determined to go to St. Sisfrid's, seeling disgust rather than pleasure at the idea of encountering any of
those dissolute companions with whom he
had idly wasted so many precious hours
never to be recalled.

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## CHAP. LXII.

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I' non vi discernea veruna cosa.

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DANTE

CONWAY reached St. Siffrid's just as the dusk of the evening began to cast a grey tint over the shades of the land-scape, whilst its light parts were still glowing with the last deepened rays of the sun. He watched it sinking below the mountains that bounded the horizon; every wave glittered with the resection; and even the large humid stones at the mouth of St. Siffrid's cavern resected a trembling lustre, like that of the waves themselves. The autumnal haziness of the air made the orb appear unusually

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large.

large. Conway fixed his eyes on its receding light, till the towers of the Castle, in deep shade, hid from him all the glories of the western sky.

His heart beat as he approached the gate :- all was filence-the lodges, the stables, the court of the Castle were deferted! Not a human being was there to be feen, of whom he might ask a single The change struck him-he felt oppressed and uneasy: " But what," thought he, " is this reverse to Ethelreda?-In her prison this solitude has never ceased to reign." He walked towards the well-remembered door on the fouth fide. It was, as usual, unfastened within: he moved on, without any impediment, till he reached the library. All this part of the house, in dust and almost in ruin, made Conway figh as he passed through it; and he fancied the fight of this faded grandeur had occafioned the depression of spirits he now feltfelt—so unlike the joyful expectations he had lately formed of seeing Ethelreda, and of never being separated from her. It was some time before Conway could find the aperture in the wall, so exactly was it concealed by the pattern of the tapestry; and he was almost tempted to believe that fancy had deceived him, and that his last interview with Ethelreda was a phantom of his imagination. At last he discovered the secret way, and, rapidly descending the stairs, proceeded, as he had formerly done, through the subterraneous passages to the tower.

As he approached the steps, impatient to speak, he called aloud, "Ethelreda, it is Conway!" and instantly he heard "Conway! Conway!" repeated, till the name died into indistinct murmurs, and seemed to mix with the hollow blasts that swept through these dreary avenues, accompanied with the sad and losty swell of the harp of Eolus. "She hears me! It

is the foft voice of Ethelreda!" exclaimed Conway in transport, and scarcely did he touch the steps as he fprung towards the door. It was not thut, as he imagined, for all was darkness: here no fun ever entered, nor did a fingle gleam mark the only window of the dungeon. " Ethelreda, it is Conway!" But no cheering found repeated his name : all was filence and darkness. " Speak to me, in pity!" cried Conway, unable to bear the fensations that agitated him: " Speak to me, call me! call me Conway!" and again as diffinctly he heard his own name. Willing to be deceived, he eagerly followed the found; and traverling the vault with hurried footsteps, once more he had reached the library without discovering the object of his fearch. He stood some moments deeply confidering, to account for Ethelreda's absence from her dungeon. At last, " She flies from me!" he exclaimed: " that marriagemarriage—that last fatal marriage, has caused her to shun me! She will conceal herself, and I shall never see her more! But Llewellyn must have affisted her in escaping, and he shall discover to me where he has placed her."

Conway was not flow in feeking Llewellyn: he went inftantly to that part of the Castle inhabited by the servants. Inthe great hall still remained the relics of the last entertainment of Carloville's affociates-scattered eards, dice, and tablesof games of chance. Conway glanced. his eye around him in difgust, and instantly recalled to his memory the offending creature who fo lately had fat amongst those whom he called his friends, and encouraged every act of depredation. The noise of riot had ceased, nor had a fingle human creature croffed his way as he traversed the several corridors and apartments.

In the kitchen were fitting two or three

three ill-looking women fervants, who feemed to be without employment: the men, having no mafter, had disposed of themselves according to their several inclinations. The women rose at the appearance of a gentleman. "Where," said Conway, "is the old servant of the Castle, Morgan Llewellyn?"

They looked at each other, as in ignorance of his name. "Does the gentleman mean," faid one to the other, " the old grey-headed man, in a very patched coat, that always used to light the cook's fires?"

"I mean a venerable looking old man, with white hair, who lived here in the lifetime of Sir Roger L'Esterling," said Conway.

"Yes, fir; and so I've heard. He used to live in the tower called the Knight's Tower, on the south-east side of the Castle."

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"He used to live!" exclaimed Conway:
"What, is he dead?"

"I don't know, fir, that he is a but I can't fay I've feen him lately; and I should not be over fond of going to look for him, I must be so bold as to say; for every body knows the south wing is as troubled as any thing in the world: and you know, fir, the tower at the south-east angle is close on to the south wing; indeed it is in the same corner, as one may say, in a manner."

"Can any one show me the way to the Knight's Tower?" said Conway, who had not listened to the woman's jargon.

"Me! Dear me! No, sir! I never was there! I wish the cook was at home! He's asraid of nothing, for all he's a Frenchman! But he won't be home to night, I'm sure; for he went out with my Lord's man, and the major domo, as I call him. He, to be sure! must ride

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my Lord's own horse Diomed, because he was going to Bel-vedery house, to ask if Sir Francis's people had any news of my Lord! Indeed, now I think of it, you may know all about my Lord, and when he comes home."

Conway, finding it impossible to interrupt the volubility of the woman to whom he had unfortunately applied for information, defired another to describe to him the way to the Knight's Tower; but the first, still choosing to lead the discourse, said, "Well, fir, if you will go, I can direct you myself; for I know the way by hearfay, as well as another. You must go through the long passage, and then you must push up the fliding door, that's by the little door, that's close by the buttery-hatchand an empty buttery I'm fure it is-and then you must go up the stairs till you come to the first window with three bars; and then you must take care you don't

don't turn to the right through the little stone door-way; for, Lord help us there's no door, and I verily believe there's no bottom to that place, it looks so deep and so dark! I just ventured to look down once with Brêtonne—"

"Well," faid Conway.

Well, fir, there's a little room opposite with a kind of an old yellow bed.
I would not have you go in there, but
go straight forward up the round-about
stairs, and you will come to the old
man's room at the top of the Knight's
Tower. But, sir, stop! I wish you
would not go; for once, when one of
the men sastened the sliding-door to
plague the old man, we did not see him
for a week, and thought to be sure he
was starved. But I, happening to be
up early, saw him walking across the
court as composed as an old wizard: I
thought I should have sounded!"

More than half this harangue was

lost upon Conway; and the woman, finding him determined, once more entreated him to stay while she provided him with a light. At the sliding-door Conway got rid of his informer, whose tedious prating folly had so long detained him from his search.

Conway foon perceived how necessary the lantern was to his fafety in this dilapidated dwelling. The stairs were narrow, and frequently loofened from their joints, and most of the lower steps were fo filled with the rubbish that constantly fell from the walls, as to be almost a continued sope. Conway wondered as he afcended how a feeble old man could climb this, even to him, almost inaccessible tower, and began to fancy he had been listening to lies. Then again it occurred to him that Llewellyn himself might have left the Castle with his mistress, where it appeared he had not received very kind treatment.

treatment. He felt apprehensions scarcely to be endured, but still he proceeded, though almost without hope. At last he saw on his less the window with three bars, and, not many sleps above it, the room with the bed, and nearly opposite on the right, the stone door-way.

Conway stood an instant looking into the room, and immediately perceived, from the decayed state of the flooring, why he had been cautioned against entering it. All at once he fancied he saw a motion in the curtains; and imagining Llewellyn might have changed his abode, he stepped lightly forward, and, drawing one of them aside, saw nothing: even the bed was removed, and the once splendid canopy seemed, like the sword of Democles, ready to fall upon his head !

"What a strange habitation is this !"
faid Conway. He listened for a moment, fancying he heard footsteps, and,
leaving

leaving the empty chamber, looked in to the opposite one still more dream. The flooring, as well as he could fee. feemed to be gone entirely, and nothing but impenetrable darkness presented itfelf. "Ha! I fee a light like a star!" exclaimed he. Presently he found he had deceived himself; for, though he watched for it, he faw it no more, and proceeded up the winding stair-case, the upper part of, which feemed to have been cleared of the rubbish, and was tolerably passable. At last he entered the chamber of the Knight's Tower by a trap which was open. This too was filent and empty, but Conway perceived by its furniture it had once been inhabited: many of the holes in the flooring had been coarfely mended; the defla ciency of glass had been supplied by paper, and a few alhes of a wood fire fill remained on the hearth. Whether it had been recently extinguished Conway could

could not discover, for no warmth remained; and the fire might have been lighted in the morning, or in the last

century.

Desponding and careless of his own fafety, Conway once more gave himself up to that violent and passionate emotion forming so deep a shade in his character. Unheeded, he faw the waning light of his candle whilft he raved against Ethelreda, himself, and the whole world; then furioufly descending the stairs, his dying light scarcely served to show him he was on the brink of the dangerous apartment. Again he fancied he faw the ftar, and hollaed into the gulph with a frantic and terrifying voice. As he leaned forward. resting against the narrow door-way, he perceived a rope, or rather cable, fastened to an immense iron staple. "There is, a way then!" he exclaimed; and dashing his lantern on the steps, he instantly feized

feized it, and plunged into the cavern towards the fancied light. It was not courage; for no courage could have carried a man through such an undertaking, deliberately, alone, and not a human creature appriled of his design, or informed if it were practicable: it was the phrensy of disappointment; for Conway's too violent temper, exercised as it had been, was still too impetuous to bear a misfortune when he had looked forward to nothing but happiness.

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## CHAP. LXIII.

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SOON after the departure of Fitz-Piers, Dr. Felton found an opportunity of acquainting Mr. Conway with his fon's arrival. Surprise, which he had long learnt to command, did not betray to the Doctor that his return was unexpected, and even unhoped; fo strongly was he prepoffeffed fomething unfortunate had befallen him: and even his joy was moderated at hearing Lady Octavia did not return with him. He wished much to fee him, and frequently queftioned the Doctor, whether he knew what road he had taken, and when he would return? In the course of the conversation

tion between Dr. Felton and Fitz-Piers, the latter had said he was gone either to the Castle, or Casino Belvedere, as he had taken that road: but having promised so speedily to return, he guessed it was to the Castle.

Thefe circumstances Dr. Felton recollected, and repeated to Mr. Conway, in order to fatisfy him that his fon's absence could not be much prolonged. Lord Caerleon too had heard of Conway's arrival, and anxiously wished to know the refult of his journey. Nor was Harwood less concerned in every thing that interested Conway, whom he had long ardently wished to see, and whom he had regarded with more than common affec-Harwood particularly defired to hear him explain his motives for marrying Octavia-a step for which he could affign none that seemed reasonable or satisfactory. But it grew late, and each by turns betrayed Igns of impatience and wonder. rs,

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wonder, whilst each assiduously tried to account to the other for his continued absence. Lord Caerleon and Mr. Harwood, both too deeply engaged with separate concerns to talk long on indifferent subjects, spoke of Conway, and were silent by turns; nor did they perceive, for some time, that Mr. Conway had quitted them.

The state of Mr. Conway's mind, owing to the situation of his family, not-withstanding he had given up his whole life to the practice of hard and unseeling policy, may be more easily guessed at than described; a strong proof that, however people may become dead to the misseries of others, they are always alive to their own. His brother fallen a sacrifice to the missconduct of his eldest daughter, the second, for aught he knew to the contrary, equally a disgrace to her family, and Mrs. Conway still wavering on the brink of eternity, gave him some faint idea

idea of all that his son had suffered: he grew still more anxious to see him, and at last losing all patience, himself set out for the Castle, late as it was, on foot and unaccompanied.

Fitz-Piers did not arrive there till fome time after Conway. It was dark; and, fatigued as he was, he forgot to enquire for his fellow trayeller. The fervants, who knew him well, conducted him to the room he had been accustomed to occupy, on the west side of the Castle, where he fell into a repose no trisling noise could have interrupted.

Mr. Conway's heart was too earnestly fixed on seeing his son, to suffer the darkness of the night to be any impediment; nor did he wish it to be known at Strathener he had left the Castle, since in Wales all customs that relate to the dead are most scrupulously adhered to. The time was nearly equal between ten o'clock and eleven when he reached St, Siffrid's.

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He blew loudly at the gate; and the noise of the dogs, roused at the blasts of the horn, alarmed a stable-boy, who fay fleeping in the great kitchen. It was fill some time before Mr. Conway could gain admittance. At last the boy, with the fame woman who had talked to Conway, having eyed him through a crevice, ventured to unbar the postern. Mr. Conway entered with his usual air of majesty. "Where," faid he, " is the gentleman who arrived here this evening?" "Pray, fir, let me light you into one of the drawing-rooms," faid the woman fubmiffively; at the same time croffing the court with the light. Mr. Conway was constrained to follow her, then repeating the question-" Why, fir, which of the gentlemen do you mean?"

" I mean Captain Conway."

"Why, fir, Mr. Fitz-Piers is gone to bed long ago."

"I do not ask for Mr. Fitz-Piers," sternly

sternly answered Mr. Conway: "Was

"Oh dear, yes I—As fure as I am here, you must mean the gentleman that came in the evening to look for the old wizard like, that lives in the Knight's Tower?"

"I don't understand you."

now I think of it, he may have been a wizard too—yet he did not look much like one, neither!—As handsome a young gentleman as ever I set my eyes on—To be sure, he can't have killed himself?"

"Where is the Knight's Tower?" vehemently asked Mr. Conway-" Lead

the way."

"I!—I lead the way?—No, not if you should cut me in ten pieces!—I go to the Knight's Tower? I don't know the way.—I wish the devil had the Knight's Tower, and the old wizard, and all that belongs to it. For my part, I believe the people are all mad about the Knight's

Knight's Tower. I suppose, if I wanted to kill myself, I could find ways enough without going there, for sooth!"

"Woman! tell me instantly what you mean:" cried Mr. Conway in a voice of authority: then, snatching up the candle, he made towards the door that led

to the fouth apartments.

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"You must go by yourself, sir! you must go by yourself!" exclaimed the woman, retreating as fast as she was able; whilst Mr. Conway persevered in his intention of seeking the Tower, where, from the woman's innuendo, which he applied to his son, he guessed something terrible had happened.

The stillness and desolate aspect of these forsaken rooms rather increased Mr. Conway's forebodings of evil. He selt an unusual numbress and weight in his limbs; and scarcely could he drag one foot after the other till he reached

Vol. IV. H

the State-room. Beyond him, he thought he heard doors opened and thur; and listening at that of the long gallery, he fancied he heard ponderous footsteps, as of perions flowly escaping. He tried in Vain to open the door : it was firongly fastened; and, almost exhausted with emotion, he fat down, ftill holding his candle, to rest for a moment. Round the room hung many fragments of crimfon yelvet, fluttering as the fouth wind twept through the creaking calements, Fixing his eyes on the fide opposite to him, he observed the hangings agitated: they parted at a fearn, and he faw a figure stand before him! It seemed covered with white and black alternately; he knew not which, for his fight fwam in milts as he gazed at it. The veil moved up : " I remember you! I pity you!" faid a voice : "You have feen him for the last time-he is dust. Follow

low me, I hall be alles! Nothing! The hanging fell flently to the floor, and discovered a frail door, through which the willow glided Mr. Conway had no power to refrain from following. It led him to the library: then all at once it funk away, and nothing remained but a heap of black that looked like the covering of a coffin.

It was with extreme difficulty Mr. Conway reached the drawing-room again. A momentary suspension of his faculties made him forget for an instant the appalling founds he had heard uttered, by a form not the less terrifying because it was remembered. "Too severe vengeance!" cried he in a voice of agony: "Let me fly from this dwelling of horrors!"-All was repose and filence in the Castle. He unbarred the postern; and, leaving it open, tried with all his remaining strength to ascend the steep side of the park, in order to return the nearest CHAP

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way to Strathener; where Lord Caerleon and Mr. Harwood, in filent amazement, waited more than half the night the return of him and his son.

had no power to reliain floor following.

It led him to the ribrary: then all ar
once it link away, and werping remarks
but a like of black that locked like the
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of he was with execute difficulty. Mr. Converted the dereing room again. A morning to be a continued to the continue of hade there for the fall influence the aps of the win bread bed a stocky ended form not the left servicence income in wis temembered. I " To levele vengentice!" cried be in a verge of a ropy: "Let me By from this discilling of herters mil-All was repole and It denote the Caffle. He unbarred the poftern; and, leaving it open, tried with his remaining thrength to alcend the three fide of the park, in order to return the searest CHAP. , II

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## CHAP. LXIV.

Eterni numi, o come son diversi

Quegli alti inaccessibili sentieri!

Onde seendono a noi le vostre grazie,

Da qui fallaci e torto

Oude a nostri pensier salgono al cielo.

GUARINI.

IMMURED in the Knight's Tower with Winifred, Llewellyn heard not the knell of Sir Francis's funeral; for, though old, no evil conscience disturbed his repose, or prevented him from sleeping, after the fatiguing service he paid his mistress. He had left her on that evening as well as usually she appeared to be, after having, with Winifred, brought her provisions for the ensuing day; nor did he ever repeat his attendance till night returned.

It was on the following evening that,

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having kindled a light, he descended. with Winifred, the steps of his habitation, towards a tecret way leading to the fubterraneous avenues under the fouth fide of the Castle, Arrived at Ethelreda's apartment, he was not much furprifed at finding it empty, knowing her custom of walking these passages, where night always reigned, at that late hour, as more secure. Having poured fresh oil into her lamp, and trimmed and lighted it by his own, Llewellyn depolited a little vellet of milk, and feme bread, on the table. Winifred threw some pieces of charcoal on a chafing-dish (for, in this dreary abode, all was cold, damp, and cheerless), and, leaving a little bafket of linen, returned with Llewellyn towards their own scarcely more cheerful dwelling. Though these faithful old servants met with frequent fcoffs and infults from those of the Castle, yet in a household so badly regulated they found no difficulty in supply-

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ing themselves and their mistress with necessaries, and sometimes, in reward for little services Llewellyn was able to render any of them, he returned to the Knight's Tower plentifully supplied with such plain provisions as he knew suited the simple taste of Ethelreda, so that, thus circumstanced, he neither seared for her existence nor his own.

Having at length reached the base of some steps leading directly to the Tower, a way unknown even to Ethelreda, and which he had discovered in traversing the vaulted passages; having taken hold of the rope which was fastened to a post to serve as a balustrade, he heard all at once a most tremendous and terrisying found, that echoed through the caveralike the voice of a giant; and he selt the rope snatched from his hand, and agitated so violently, that he nearly sell backward with the shock. Winifred, struck with extreme fear, retreated into one of

the numerous recesses formed in the walls of the vault. Llewellyn, with more than usual presence of mind, blew out his lamp, and followed her. For some minutes breathless with their fears, they could not even liften; more than half the night they fpent in the most anxious and terrifying state of suspense and dread for the fafety of Ethelreda; nor could they venture to climb the dangerous stair-case to regain their own habitation. But a dreary and uninterrupted filence had fucceeded to this noise. "Winny," faid Llewellyn, at last taking courage to speak, " that noise was a token of death; and the warning came to me!"----Winifred began to weep bitterly! We will go back, and relight our lamp," continued Llewellyn: " I must take leave of my dear mistress, and to-morrow I may not be able. I feel my arm quite numbed, and all my right fide beginning to grow dead. Lend me your arm, Winny,

Winny, and don't cry it may be your turn next." ithe grade good and to rook

"Ah! I'm fure it will," cried Winny; and she continued to cry and sob till they reached the Watch-Tower lows awa and

The lamp was still burning, and every thing remained as they had placed it-Ethelreda was not returned, nor did any thing feen to indicate that the had been there. " Oh, my dear lady is loft! Where fhall I feek for her?" exclaimed Winifred.—" That is, impossible," faid Llewellyn confidently: "She is certainly in the empty apartments, or on the roof of the Castle, where the for often walks at night."-And forgetting the deathftroke the superstitious old man fancied he had just received, he once more, with rather increased alacrity, ascended to the library; but neither there nor in the other rooms did he find Ethelreda, All his fad fancies returned with added force: and really incapacitated from fatigue

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for continuing the fearth, he opened the door of the long gallery, which communicated with the chamber on the steps of the Knight's Tower, and shortly regained his own dwelling.

Conway foon discovered, that though he had leaped, like Curtius, into the gulph, he was in no danger of perifhing from his daring undertaking. He grafped the cable firmly, which he perceived, inflead of hanging perpendicularly from the staple, was continued in an oblique direction; fo that he descended with moderate velocity a great depth, till he was stopped by striking his feet against the bottom. As foon as he had recovered from the shock and giddiness it occaffoned, he recollected the star-like speck of light that had tempted him to fo defperate an adventure But it was gone and had vanished he knew not how. He was not flow in difcovering that this palfage communicated with those he had already

already explored, and that it equally led to the abode of Ethelreda: " it was perhaps her lamp that he had feen, and he had terrified her with his violence." The caution with which he was compelled to advance, but ill fuited the impatience which he felt to overtake the lamp. Obscurity more impenetrable than the blackest night, thickened by moist vapours that fmelt unwholesome, added to the ruggedness of his path, which seemed to have been hewn through rocks, fo much impeded his progress, that he began to fancy day must have broken upon the world above whilft he wandered in these confines of eternal darkness. Frequently he loft himself in hollows of the cavern; from which he with difficulty could return to the path again: and fometimes, as he stood still to breathe, he feemed to hear founds over his head, like the waves breaking on the pebbly shores below the Castle. What was his joy, H 6 when

when a long pale stream of light shewed him the humid sides of the cavern covered with white petrifactions from the damps, and the steps, each touched with the ray as it spread itself through the misty vapour!

But where was Ethelreda? She muft have been there; for the lamp, though almost expiring, had been lighted in his absence. Was it Ethelreda's lamp that had invited him into the vault? Or had he been deluded by one of those mists that rife out of moist and fenny places, and lead the devoted traveller aftray and into danger, till, its fictitious fires exhausted, it finks again into vapour? "At least," said he, replenishing the lamp with oil provided for the purpole, "this will affift my fearch." Conway recollected how strangely Ethelreda had appeared to him in the church. He knew these avenues were contrived to fly to the fanctuary in times of danger; but fo intricate e

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intricate were they in their turnings, and so admirably constructed to be will der, that, though searching for it, he missed the aperture, and continued his way till he ascended the steps to the library—as unconscious where he was, as if he had traversed them for the first time in his life. He listed up the arras—a heap of something lay before him: he set down his lamp, in order to remove it out of his way. He grasped it in both hands; it was heavy—the black covering sell aside; it was a human sigure—it was Ethelreda! pale, cold, lifeless.

Conway staggered, and could scarcely support himself. In distraction he touched her lips to try if she breathed: he held his hand to her heart, to feel if it beat. In this desolate place none could hear him call for assistance. In distress almost insupportable, he carried her through the rooms till he reached the Castle-court, not knowing where to find help;

for

for no found that he had power to make, had roused the few inhabitants of the Castle: even the dogs confined in the out-building were too remote to alarm the family, though their distant barkings evinced their watchfulness.

The moon shone like a thin edge, and her inclined horns told that night was more than at odds with morning. The blue gleam that fell upon the postern gate served to discover that it was open. Conway passed it, and made towards Strathener, carrying Ethelreda still wrapped in the dismal trappings of the grave.

At Strathener, the preparations for the obsequies of Lord Trecastle were altogether as splendid as those of Sir Francis L'Esterling had been private and unadorned; and Harwood, who could sharcely conceal his surprise whilst the circumstances of Sir Francis's death were unknown to him, thought them a sufficient apology for the very unusual man-

ner in which the Strathener family had proceeded with respect to his interments On the evening preceding the one on which the funeral was to take place, the body, in an open coffin of red velver richly adorned with filver, was placed in the great hall opening to the park a waft crowd of attendants in funereal habits furrounded the bier, distributing spiced wines to all who chose to come and look upon the deceased; nor did any refrain from paying this last mark of reverence to the good Earl, whose hospitable and profuse style of living had diffused plenty for many miles round his Caftle and whose death they lamented with unfeigntheunfortunate Sir Francis L. worrol be

In a room opening from the hall, but retired from observers, for Lord Caerleon and Mr. Harwood; their Mence only interrupted by the whispered lamentations of those who surrounded the body, and now and then a conjecture on the prolonged

longed absence of Mr. Conway and his fon. But the night was far fpent; and by degrees the found of voices funk into low murmurs, till every breath was lost in the awful stillness of night. Trouble and fatigue, joined to this stillness so favourable to fleep, had thrown Caerleon into a flumber as he fat in his chair Harwood's thoughts were too builty employed to allow him the like indulgence. He wished to sleep; but felt no inclination to close his eyes, or even to repose his limbs, so restless had the contemplation of these strange and unexpected events made him, & Among ft them, not the leaft, diffreffing was the death of the unfortunate Sir Francis L'Esterling; and that the vast accumulation of property, neither wanted nor wished for by him, came too late to confole and fer at reft the wounded and independent spirit of Ethelredal behaviorable calw sloud to

The light of the dawn began to glim-

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mer in the east as through a thin veil! the stars nearest the horizon grew dim and disappeared, as the pale dusky light deepened into yellow, and tinged the gray vapour, as it rolled away, with long unbroken fireaks of faffron colour: even the stars in the higher firmament began to lose their lustre, though the landscape beneath was ftill in deep shade. Hard wood's contemplations and Caerleon's flumbers were both broken by a low knocking at the hall. "It is the hour of the funeral," cried Caerleon, starting haftily from his chair. " will go myfelf to the gate," faid Harwood, moving to wards the hall : but the door was already opened by a mute, who retired as Mr. Conway entered bath 1 nd adgin on far

He started back, with an irresolute and uncertain countenance, at light of the gloomy objects around him; the black drapery almost absorbing the light of the tapers that burnt round the bier, except where

where the bright polished ornaments threw back the ray in strong contrast, Mr. Conway fixed his eyes for a few moments on the inanimate object before him; then, folding his arms, he began to pace the hall, fometimes with a quick, fometimes with a flow and irregular step. Frequently he turned towards the door, casting up his eyes to the light with an expression of despairing agony that forprifed Harwood, who unobserved stood filently watching him for a few moments, withing to advance, yet wanting refor lunion to speak to a man who appeared to be intentible to every thing but the predure of his miferies. At last approaching him, " Have you taken no rest to-night, Sir?" faid Harwood; "and do you not mean to take fome ?'

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Mr. Harwood?—No!—Yes!—"
Mr. Conway looked at him steadily, and continued his walking; then stopping suddenly, and pointing to the corpse—
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fee that person at any future time—It mean Lord Trecastle, or any other person for should you suppose that you had really seen him, or that it was only an illusion of your fancy—that hour senses were disturbed? I instance one person; but you know, if it be another, that does not alter the question; it is exactly that says, if it is a crackly that

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"But answer me, give me your oping nion," said Mino Coloway, with all the calminess of a man speaking on an indifferent subject. ... become or because Hand

I scarcely know how to answer you, or even to give you my opinion, he said Harwood, viewing him with undisguised wonder; for that a man who but the moment before had appeared to be so absorbed in forrow as scarcely to be conscious of the existence of any other being, and could

could enter into fuch a discussion, could not fail to excite his surprise. "There are so many circumstances to be considered, that I think it almost impossible to speak decidedly. The time, the place, the dispositions of the persons towards each other, all would have strong instruction. I should imagine, either in constraining one in the belief of a preternatural appearance, or in the more reasonable supposition that the imagination is disturbed and wrought upon by sever and melancholy."

Mr. Conway, helitaringly, as if inviting Mr. Harwood to proceed.

conclude under fimilar circumstances. I look upon a man bimfelf to be utterly in competent to decide—Yen I am no steptic in these matters—If you, for instance, were to tell me you had witnessed any strange appearance—" in the standard of the standard of

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"Ha!" Bid Haiwo"! aH " " And I was pre-informed it was one whom you loved and regretted, and wished to follow, I should conclude, and I think reasonably, that incessant thinking on your favourite subject had difturbed your intellects. On the other hand, if it were one whom you had injured, your conscience might be supposed equally active. In either case, since no man can decide for himself, and will not fuffer another to decide for him-in fort, fince there is no conviction in arguments brought as evidence against the senses, what does it fignify whether those appearances we call ghosts or spirits are of "that bodiless creation fancy is very cunning in," or that shadows have really appeared to the eye, unaffifted by the imagination?" \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"Conscience!" exclaimed Mr. Conway, putting his hand to his head, as, if he had found the word.

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"I confess," said Harwood, not ob. Terving him, may for my own part, if I Mould ever see, or fancy Traw, it maners not which, in thy opinion, the relent. Stance of one it whom I was much in terested, and whom I knew to be dead Sir Roger L'Esterling, for example, of any of his family no by Mr. Conway uttered an exclamation and a groan, that Startled and interrupted Harwood, and made him face him precipitately. He was itruck with aftomiliment at his again to strangely altered countenance, and, thinking him feized with fudden amels, Moved towards him to offer his hupport. Mr. Conway abrupily feized his hand, and, pointing it towards the door, "Look! Wook there ! " cried he, w directly to the portal !- Do you see !- It comes nearer -nearer !"

I do fee, laid Harwood, in a fleady though low tone; but may I truit my fight?—What do you fee?

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Mr. Conway made no answer, but tried to support himself by learning on Harwood, preventing him from ada vancing. The object that had arrested their attention, and raifed their wonder to a painful height, approached hobfurther than the porch. The dim light of the morning, mixed with the gloomy rays of the tapers, thining in contrary dis. rections on this extraordinary appears ance, instead of shewing them more clearly the object, formed a contrast of lights and colouring, that deepened the intermediate shades fo that no eye could penetrate it, or preferve connection in the form on which they gazed fo intently. It feemed inanimate, and in a leahing attitude, yet perfectly detached from fop! port; but fo light as to appear fluttering in the breeze, or with the quicker and more uncertain Wotion of objects feen through fmoke. " Come nearer to cried Harwood, unable to command himlelf; and

and instantly advanced, whilst Mr. Conway flood fixed to the ground. The pale countenance, the closed eye, the languid and apparently inanimate form, he immediately recognized. "Ethelreda!" uttered Harwood, in a tone difficult to deferibe; and he would have taken her in his arms but for Conway, who, now throwing afide the black and white fluttering folds that concealed him behind her, discovered bimself to his father and to Harwood, who started with amazement, and retreated a step, as Conway with a staggering pace advanced further into the hall, to where Mr. Conway food theform on which they gozeldsovomni

He stopped and was filent, seeming to breathe with difficulty. "If she had injured you," cried he, "if she had deferved this cruel persecution, she could have made no other atonement! Look on this countenance of this form! The spirit shall animate it again! I shall see her rise

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rife an angel, when you shall see me what she is now." His face had undergone many variations, and his articulation became indistinct, as he ceased to speak. His countenance was fixed, his eyes closed; and releasing his hold, Harwood sprung forward and caught Ethelreda, whilst Conway sell with extraordinary weight on the pavement.

Mr. Conway, to whom in the confuled flate of his mind all this terrifying scene appeared like a wild and unconnected dream, roused from his torpor by the falling of his son's body, uttered an exclamation of horror, and, calling aloud for help, threw himself by his side, and lamented him with the most piercing expressions of grief, of repentance, and self-accusation.

Caerleon was not fo far removed from the hall, but the founds of diffres reached his ear; and haltening towards the scene of it, what was his surprise at the fight of Vol. IV. I Ethelreda, Ethelreda, of Conway! at the stupesed grief of Harwood, and the frantic exclamations of his uncle, full of remorse and self-reproach!

"Oh for a glass—a feather! to try if the breathe!" cried Caerleon, throwing himself on his knees by Ethelreda.— "Can nothing save her? I will fly to Dr. Felton!" starting on his feet.

"Is he the physician of the dead?" asked Mr. Conway, with frightful sternness. "Look here!—Here had I raised my pillar of happiness—and see, it is mouldered to nothing!"

Lord Caerleon, without attending to him, hastened in search of the assistance he expected from Dr. Felton. The old physician, who had left his patient Mrs. Conway in a state from which he hoped amendment, was retired to bed; but, for many hours too much occupied with his happiness in having recovered his long-lost Ellen, had scarcely begun to sleep, when

when a voice at his door diffurbed him, and obliged him to rife. Caerleon, without answering his questions, hurried him to the hall where he had left Ethelreda, whose head Harwood was supporting in the same hopeless silence.

The Doctor looked intently on her countenance with the strongest marks of pity and astonishment, and then at Conway—" It was decreed that these two should meet at last!" said he; " but whether in this world—"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Conway, impatiently. "If you can restore them, do not talk, but act. If I could reward you with a dukedom—a kingdom—I should think it nothing!"

"And so, believe me, should I!—I have been used to consider them as of no value—" said the Doctor, applying strong essences to Conway's temples, who slowly seemed to be recovering from his faint-

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claimed he, as he perceived fome weak remaining pulse in Ethelreda's arm"You know not how strongly I am interested in these two persons—and if I succeed in restoring them, I ask no greater recompense."

exclaimed Harwood, speaking for the

may not be impossible to fave her, for this apparent death is the effect of famine."

To be of famine!" repeated Harwood, in horror and diffmay.

what favage creature could have the heart of cried Caerleon.

Even Carloville I should have thought too humane.

Harwood, and haftened to call the women of the family.

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"Do," faid the Doctor; " for it is only by cordials and extreme care I can hope to revive her."

As for Mr. Conway, he could have fallen at his feet; such were his sensations when he heard him give hopes of Ethelm reda's restoration, and saw his son slowly recovering his almost departed spirits, though still consused and unconscious, owing to the perturbed state of his mind, and the violent blow his head had received in falling. The Doctor judged he stood equally in need of rest and care as Ethelreda, and gave his orders accordingly.

After the joy Harwood felt at the prospect of again seeing two persons so dear to him, and of enjoying their society, one of whom he had long ceased to think of as belonging to this mortal sphere, it may easily be imagined the defire of knowing how she was so unexpectedly restored to them predominated

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in his mind, and called forth all his conjectures. But knowing that for a time all enquiry was prohibited, till those who alone could fatisfy were able to listen to them, he endeavoured to calm his curiofity by writing to Mrs. Harwood, heartily congratulating himself on his good fortune in never having distressed Sibilla with her fister's supposed death.

CHAP.

worthed literal charles gromed tendence,

They compalient a Mist II.

## CHAP. LXV.

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
And not remember d in thy epitaph!

SHAKESPEARE.

Not many hours had elapsed after Mrs. Harwood's meeting with Lady Mariamne L'Esterling, when the physicians she had sent to attend her, gave it as their opinion, that she was in the most imminent danger. Repeatedly she called Mrs. Harwood to her, and with frantic wildness entreated to be released: sometimes she would talk of murder, and promise to confess it if her life might be spared; and sometimes she would accuse herself of instigating Carloville to kill his wife—and, shrieking horridly, would pray for mercy, as if the injured Ethelreda stood before her.

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The compassionate Mrs. Harwood watched her with the greatest tenderness, and, finding it in vain to foothe her diftracted mind by words, wept over her in filence. Her own fituation was uncomfortable and diffresting; but that of the wretched Lady Mariamne, fo strangely fallen in her way, added perplexity and a thousand terrible conjectures to her diffresses, and made her regret that Mr. Harwood's departure had been quite for precipitate. But when her danger was confirmed by the physicians, Mrs. Harwood, thinking it a duty owing her family to inform them of it with all poffible fpeed, notwithstanding the letter Mr. Carloville had undertaken to write, immediately dispatched letters by an express to the Strathener family, and through them to Sir Francis L'Esterling at Casino Belvedere; not knowing that unfortunate man was beyond the reach of any farther trouble from the conduct or the fare of his lady. Mrs. Harwood was not ignorant of the uncafy terms oh: which they lived, and naturally concluded that some disagreement of a violent nature had separated Lady Maris amne and Sir Francis; that the had been in fault, and had aggravated his mild temper to more than usual opposition; but, that the had carried her misconduct fuch lengths, Mrs. Harwood had not the remotest suspicion; not could she form any other opinions or draw any other inference from her ravings, than thar the turbulence of her spirit, unused to contradiction, had thrown her intola del lirious fever. She therefore in hemilita ter to Sir Francis, described her fituation; as highly diffreffing and dangerousy and entreated him to lose no time in coming to dispel the terrible ideas that feemed to have taken poffession of her to encounter in a conference with baim

Mrs. Harwood found some relief here

Mariamne of her fituation (for the had no expectation of her recovery), and felt a kind of responsibility towards them for the care of her, from which she hoped to be relieved by their arrival; though at the same time the attentions she paid could not have been exceeded, had Lady Mariamne been the dearest of her friends.

Mr. Harwood had been gone three days; and having promifed the first letter he wrote should fix that of his return, Mrs. Harwood began to hope she should speedily be repaid for all her moments of anxiety by news of Ethelreda, or perhaps the certainty of seeing her with her husband. But the expected time passed: she was disappointed, but not alarmed; she made every allowance for the difficulties Harwood might have to encounter in a conference with Carloville; and checking her own impatience,

tience, she buoyed herself up with the hope that this silence so unusual could mean nothing but success.

Yet the melancholy scene before her, and the wild ravings of Lady Mariamne, in which the uttered the names of Ethelreda and Carloville, threw a weight and dread upon her spirits all her resolution could not overcome; nor could she help connecting presages of evil towards her own family, with the ravings and fuffering of Lady Marianne. Indeed the was now become so weak and exhausted as scarcely to articulate; and it was only by the motion of her lips Mrs. Harwood perceived the incessantly repeated their names. Her eyes were fixed, though not closed: shades seemed to hover over her countenance, and the only breathed at intervals. Mrs. Harwood perceiving the was infensible, retired from so painful a scene in sorrow, and, in awful expectation of hearing the was no more, again

again refunned the talk of writing to her

When Carloville made his escape from Fitz Piers and Conway in the cottage. he was no longer actuated by any motive of felf-prefervation; for the fight of Fitz-Piers and his injured lifter had armed his conscience with torments against him, and he no longer wished for life, or thought of fhunning the punishment his crimes deserved. Nor did the offended justice of his country appear to him so terrible as the reproachful countenance of Fitz-Piers, stern, and full of contempt; and the half-closed eyes and languid features of his fifter, the diffressed tone of her voice, and the pardon the pronounced for injuries fo deep and unatoned. In a momentary paroxylm of despair, he fled towards the first people he saw, and, accusing himself of murder, was taken before a magiftrate, and committed to the prison of the

the county till further information could be procured; for, whether he was a madman, or guilty according to his own accufation, it was impossible to determine; his name he resolutely resuled todeclare.

Thus, without any favour or distinction on the score of his quality (for his manners claimed none), Lord Carloville found himself amongst felons in a common jail. But to him the reverse would not have been striking, had his mind been at ease to remark it; for, though the manners of the society to which he had accustomed himself were less vulgar and coarse, their principles were equally deprayed.

In sullen silence he observed the low gaming of the prisoners; he heard their oaths without surprise or disgust, till at last becoming interested, he joined in the game, partook of their liquor, and tried to drown conscience and remorse by indulging

dulging his unhappy propentity. Some little favour, though mistaken, was shown him by his keeper, because he made an appearance superior to the inhabitants of prisons in general; and he availed himself of it, so as to become completely intoxicated.

In this fituation, at the mercy of a fet of wretches, whose practice had been not to shew any, he was rifled of every thing his pockets contained, and left extended at his length for the remainder of the night, or to recover at his leifure. But the career of this unhappy man, fo badly begun, and fo uniformly continued in wickedness, drew fast to its conclusion. The last moments allowed him for repentance, he had wasted in intoxication; and, as if it was decreed that the whole tenor of his life should be even, and pass without a single character or colour of good, the night of his imprisonment was the last of his life. He

He was discovered in the morning lying on his face, breathless and cold!

Various were the conjectures as to the manner and cause of his death raised in the minds of the people of the prison: strong suspicions of his having made away with himself, at first occurred on the inquest: his having been robbed of every thing his pockets contained, threw them equally strong on his sellow prisoners. They were examined; but the thief, aware of the consequence, had concealed his booty, and no clue could be obtained to discover his name, or the cause of his death; he was pronounced by the jury to have died from intoxication.

For some days the body was exposed to be owned: many out of curiosity came to look upon it, but none in a situation or rank to have known Lord Carloville, had his features retained any likeness of his countenance whilst he lived.

lived. Of his relations none knew how he had disposed of himself, or where he was gone; nor were they anxious to difcover; for he had joined difgrace and infamy to a name once highly respected. Happy was it for the feelings of his family he died in fuch obfaurity: they were spared the distress and shame of knowing that he had been suspected of taking poison; and that the body of Frederic Lord Carloville, exposed in a common jail, unowned, was buried by the county ! and , rood and believed

by the host to have a last incoving the A Committee of the control of the co For forme days the body was expoled priority to me vicin themps of or e ni seed and at come of the small fination or rails to have known Lord Coffeyele, had hit fratures retained any

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CHAP.

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motering lwith the two perfors for whore welfere he had toparately felt in firengly

E veramente il secol d'oro è questo,
Perche sol vince l'oro, e regna l'oro.

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THE tumult and surprise occasioned at Strathener by so many unexpected events, in which all were interested; Conway's return, so gratifying to his father; and Ethelreda's wonderful re-appearance, so joyful to Harwood, and so astonishing to all who had heard of her death, afforded matter of conversation, and enquiry that seemed inexhaustible, and partly superseded those melancholy concerns that had occupied the whole samily since the death of Sir Francis L'Esterling.

The recovery of Mrs. Conway, the return of his niece, and so unexpectedly meeting

meeting with the two persons for whose welfare he had separately felt so strongly interested, had raised the spirits and hopes of Dr. Felton; so that, notwithstanding the state of weakness and insensibility in which Ethelreda reached Strathener, he pronounced nothing but repose and sustenance necessary to her recovery.

The funeral of Lord Trecastle over, the new Earl, in the presence of his uncle, declared he had a will in his possession: but his father having told him formerly, he wished it to be opened and read in the presence of his whole family, he chose to defer it till he could hear of Lady Octavia, whom he now considered as his only sister, if indeed she was worthy of being so considered: of that he meant to take every care to inform himself before he wrote to her on his father's death. Mr. Conway still wished to consider her as his son's wife, and

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and repeatedly affured his nephew, he was perfuaded Lady Octavia would clear her conduct from every imputation in the most satisfactory manner: in short, no accusation was brought against her but that of having less the house with her woman; and though previous circumstances had pointed their suspicions towards the Count de Clerac, no inference whatever could be drawn from her conduct, that he was concerned in her slight. Mr. Conway concluded, by declaring it was his opinion, that a desire to meet with Lady Mariamne was the sole motive of her precipitate removal.

To Lord Trecastle, who had been present at the marriage, these arguments were very inconclusive. "I cannot tell," said he, " why Octavia consented to this marriage: she was equally averse to it with my cousin—their conduct is a mystery I cannot penetrate. As for Conway, I can guess no motive that could

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could induce him to an act which he performed with the most desperate reluctance; and I fear Octavia only confented to secure that portion of her uncle's legacy which I ord Poynings, by his will, lest in my sather's power to withhold in case of disobedience; or more properly, to protect a young woman with so large an independence from becoming the prey of a fortune hunter?

And the end is completely answered," faid Mr. Conway, with quickness. I am not quite so well aware of that," rejoined the new Earl: "If I am not mistaken, a discretionary power devolves to me—I pity my cousin, and the kind of tyranny he has experienced I will not be instrumental in continuing: I believe I am justified in saying that marriage was not a valid one, unless I am materially deceived in my information."

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Conway—" Take care how you act in this affair: the world may give you credit for motives not quite to generous as those you may choose to pretend to.—You are a very young man, and known to have been a very extravagant one and it may be furmised that the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young man, and known and it may be furmised that the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young man, and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young man, and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young man, and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung you man and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young young man and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young young man and the Poynings legacy—" on Toltung young young

me, certainly!" faid Mr. Conway, re-

me, I confess, by the warmth of your manner, my Lord: I felt a little hun at your taking up an affair I partly confidered as my own—but I wave it. Nothing is more common than that an heir newly arrived at his dignities should quarrel with his relations; that I will make any sacrifice to avoid, for your sake, and I beg we may continue friends."

"With all my heart!—I have the highest respect in the world for my cousin; and I wish, for your sake, he did not monopolize all the sincerity of the family." Lord Trecastle similared with a smile, and they separated.

To Mr. Conway, the hints thrown our by his nephew were alarming, and had nearly thrown him off his guard; but, confiding in his own talents for intrigueing policy, he thought it impossible he could have been discovered by a shallow boy, and speedily regained his composure.

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The invalidity of the marriage he laughed at—none of the forms had been omitted; and if the hearts of the parties were always to be taken into the account, and on them to rest the question, it would be an alarming one indeed, and involve most of the families in the kingdom.

The iffue of all his applications was at hand: he was affored that the very patent was made out; nay, he had even been informed it was fent-but that was impossible, because he had not received it. He gueffed there was some mistake-and every gazette that arrived, that register of peers and bankrupts, he anxiously examined, in hopes it might prove the herald of his own dignities. The new Lord Trecastle's infinuations he looked upon as the wild and ambitious dream of a boy, who, not content with those attained, looks up to higher honours; and conscious of his own importance, he rested refled all his pretentions on his past fervices, and the very evident necessity of fecuring his future ones.

Conway, whose admirable constitution had not given way under the number. less attacks his health and his mind had equally received, was fo much recruited the following day as to be able to join the family in the evening. He had feen his mother, who could only express by her looks that the knew him, and the joy the felt at a fight fo unexpected and fo unhoped for .- He had been affured that Lady Carloville was recovering, and Dr. Felton confidently answered for her restoration; though he would not allow him to fee her, or to crouble her with enquiries - Mr. Harwood he had laid under the fame restrictions. Conway had fatisfied his and Lord Trecaltle's curiofity as far as he was able; but Ethelreda alone could account to them for her own extraordinary appearance, bofted and er-

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and the abstinence that had reduced her to the last stage of weakness, and almost to death. Conway concluded that old Llewellyn and his wife were both dead, and that Ethelreda had nearly died in consequence.

As to Harwood and Trecastle, they could neither of them cease to express their admiration of the sirmness and courage shown by Ethelreda in her seclusion; and the latter with warmth congratulated Conway in having recovered such a treasure.

Conway's colour changed as he anfwered; and Harwood, whose quick eye
had not failed to remark it, instantly recollected Octavia.— That treasure, my
Lord, is now under my care; and no man
can feel more gratefully the strong obligation that will always bind Lady Carloville's relations to Conway and his family, for the part he has had in preserving her.—I have this morning writVol. IV. K

ten to Mrs. Harwood; and as foon as Ethelreda is sufficiently restored to bear a journey, we shall leave you, my Lord: very strongly impressed, I answer for myself, with a sense of your hospitality and kindness .- Your own feeling I am fure will prompt you to wave all the ceremonies of feeing your family before we depart.—I will confess I wish as much as possible to spare my fifter, and all of us-I need not fay it will be painful to her to find herfelf in this house, and that time alone can bring that degree of composure necessary for her health .- My good fellow !" continued Harwood, taking Conway's hand, which he shook with affection-" I am grieved it should be 

"I am proud to acknowledge my obligations to you in their utmost extentobligations that I am persuaded I cannot repay, and that every fresh request I make

make to you adds to the debt.—Let me write a postscript to your letter—Join your wishes to my prayers, that Mrs. Harwood will meet her fister here!—You shall not repent your compliance—and in suture dispose of me, of this house, and of yourself in it, as you please."

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To a request so pressing, Harwood knew not how to oppose a denial: yet Conway, married to Octavia, must, he knew, be to Ethelreda an insuperable objection to her remaining. He looked uncertain, and cast a glance of enquiry towards Conway, whose countenance and agitation called for all his compassion.

"If there be a man in the world who is truly enviable," said Lord Trecastle pointing to his cousin, "that Harwood is the man!—It carries, at present, I confess, something the air of a paradox!" he added, with one of his malicious smiles.

"I own there is a circumstance—"
Taid Harwood.

"Ask me for no explanation! cried Conway—" I was mad, frantic, desperate—In the rashness of despair, I have prepared a punishment for myself more severe than that I had resolved upon. Had I died that instant, I should have been spared the misery of this!"

"Conway!" faid Lord Trecastle with affumed gravity—" your passions are not less violent than mine have been; but I hope nevertheless to see you soon arrived at the same happy pitch of calmness: believe me, no interest or authority of mine shall be wanting in your favour—and I am persuaded that it is by no means impossible to release you from your present engagement. I think I can convince Mr. Harwood your affections never entered into the compact."

The confidence with which Lord Trecastle spoke, equally surprised his cousin e

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coufin and Mr. Harwood: as for Conway, he was not without hope that his own previous marriage with Ethelreda would have fome avail, though at the fame time she was not, as he believed her to be, freed from her first engagements; there was still a mystery to be cleared up, to effect which he ardently longed to see Fitz-Piers, who alone he believed could procure him the information he wished for from the lady whom Carloville had declared to be his wife; but whether it was merely in atonement to the character of this lady in equity and not in law, he was at a loss to determine. If the latter, then was Ethelreda at once released from all ties, except those that bound her to him; and he was equally freed from the trammels of Octavia.

Conway's interview with his father was much calmer than he expected, though scarcely more satisfactory. The K 3 latter,

latter, so skilled in concealing his feelings, betrayed no extraordinary emotion at the fight of his fon, whom a few hours before he had confidered as no longer in existence, lest Conway should take ad. vantage of any fign of affection, and construe it to the advancement of his own defigns. He was minute in his enquiries about Conway's marriage with Ethelreda-their meeting fince her fupposed death-and this last visit to the Castle, in which he had been the means of preserving her life, nearly exhausted. But he heard the furprifing detail with fo much coolness, and answered the ardent expressions of affection Conway profusely bestowed upon her with so little pleasure, that nothing but the strong interest in the story he was relating, could have prevented him from feeing with how much indifference his. animated recital was received: but be was spared the pain of knowing he had Aill - still a hard task to perform to reconcile his father, even should the numberless other apparent impediments to his wishes disappear; for Mr. Conway forebore to be explicit on the subject, and Conway was not sufficiently collected to gather any thing from hints or interrogatories.

Lady Trecastle, arrayed in her mourning, which so added to her natural beauty as to put her in perfect good humour with all around her, and somewhat recovering from the depression of spirits the misfortunes in her family had occasioned, was anxious to assure Mr. Conway and his son that Mrs. Conway was certainly mending, whom, to do her justice, she had most carefully attended.

Conway, with a countenance and voice equally expressive, assured her he received pleasure, as great as the gratitude he felt, in being convinced by her

K 4 looks,

looks, that her health had not suffered from her kind attentions.—Mr. Conway made a longer and more deliberate acknowledgment; to which Lady Trecastle paid the politest ear, and answered with a graceful bow. Lord Trecastle and Mr. Harwood each received, but a moment before, a large packet of letters, which, as some of them came by express, took up the whole of their attention.

"My Lord! Captain Conway tells me Mr. Fitz-Piers is at St. Siffrid's!" cried Lady Trecastle: "Pray send him an invitation—he is alone there!"

"I have fomething of consequence, Mr. Harwood—" said Lord Trecastle rising with a tone and countenance equally discomposed.

"I too have letters," faid Harwood leaving the table, " of the same import, I suppose."

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Mine are by express!"

"By expres!" repeated Lady Trecastle-" You alarm me exceedingly !"

"It is a needless alarm, Rosamond !" Believe me this is not a new cause of disquiet."-" Mr. Harwood, I'll attend you to another room—Conway!"

He instantly followed, too anxious about every concern of Harwood's not to feel grateful for the fummons that shortened a painful suspense.

The letters concerned Lady Mariamne; those to Lord Trecastle, from Mr. Carloville; to Mr. Harwood, from his wife. The first contained an account of Mrs. Harwood's meeting with Lady Mariamne L'Esterling, the difordered state of her mind, her violent illness, and the doubtful opinion of her physicians. Those written by Mrs. Harwood, addressed to Sir Francis L'Esterling and Lord Trecastle, were both directed to Strathener; by this Harwood.

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wood perceived she had not then received his letter, in which he mentioned the death of Sir Francis and the old Earl.

Lord Trecastle, in spite of all the rage he had formerly expressed against his unhappy sister, could not read Mrs. Harwood's pathetic detail, especially her appeal to Sir Francis L'Esterling, without seeling all his forrow renewed. He begged Conway to question the messenger, in order to judge if it were possible for him to see his sister yet alive; and was giving urgent orders for his departure, when he saw a hack-chaise pass the farther window and drive up to the porch.

from home!" cried he to a servant.

The door was opened; two persons came out of the chaise and entered the hall: Lord Trecastle heard himself asked for — "In which room is your Lord?

Lord?—I must see him immediately!"
uttered the visitor in an imperious tone
not unknown to Lord Trecastle—and
immediately the door opened, and into
the room slung Lady Octavia! She
threw herself into a chair, and burst into
tears and words at the same moment—
"Nothing," cried she, " shall ever
bring me to these doors again to be refused admittance!—This house so lately
my father's!"

"It would have been as well, madam, that you had never left this house, and then you would not have exposed your-felf to such a denial: but my orders were mistaken, if you or any other person was denied an entrance; this house is at your service, if you think proper to remain in it on my terms—It was myself I ordered to be denied."

"Well, is not that exactly the same? I knew in decorum you must be at home, and I was determined to see you!—Yes,

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I will

I will do myself justice against you all!—
I will tell the world how I have been trepanned into a marriage to serve your
own sinister views!—I will unmasque
you all!"

"I cannot stay now for the discovery, having business of importance on my hands," said Trecastle coolly—"You will find Rosamond in the dining room."—"Mr. Harwood, I am ready to attend you: my horses will take us the first ten miles, and I have dispatched servants to meet us with fresh ones."

Lady Octavia sprung from her chair to the door—" You shall not go! I know this is a scheme to avoid me—If you do, I will leave the house this moment never to return to it!" And she fell at his feet in a perfect agony of vehemence and passon. Lord Trecastle took her in his arms to the room where Lady Trecastle was sitting with her uncle, in expectation of their return from

from their private conference.—" I leave Octavia in your care, Rosamond; Conway will explain to you the cause of our sudden departure."

"Conway - Conway !" screamed Octavia: "Is he here? Oh, Ishall expire!"

"Pray don't go, my Lord!" faid Lady Trecastle: "She will really go into sits!"—But Trecastle, half frantic himself at such tormenting delays, broke from them and hastened to his carriage with Harwood, and, as he quitted the room, Conway entered it.

This last circumstance was too much for Lady Octavia: Conway started at the sight of her, and she returned his consternation by a scream that threw the whole party into perplexity. She wept, she raved, she laughed by turns, and, altogether, they were at a loss what to do with her: no frantic creature confined to a cell could have exhibited greater varieties of humour—and all, except her anger

anger towards her brother, was affected. For, to Conway, though the feemed to averfe to him, the was in her heart more disposed to be reconciled; having drawn a conclusion not very flattering to her vanity, that the Count de Clerac aimed only at her fortune.

"My dear Lady Octavia!" faid her uncle in a most soothing tone, "how has Conway offended you?"

"Oh!" cried she, putting her hands to her head and springing to the other side of the room—"What a voice! 'tis worsethan a cannon discharged at myear!"

"Surely, madam," faid Mr. Conway with gravity, " your head must be in a strange state!"

"There again!—worse than a watch-man's rattle!

"Pray, madam," turning to Lady Trecastle, "will you order me another room?"

"By all means!" faid Lady Trecastle

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"Pray, don't move! I can't think of remaining here—Your ladythip must know how my brother's conduct is meant to operate on me!—But, my dear, did you ever see such a figure in your life as I am?—I'm not human!—But I don't care how I look here—that is a satisfaction!"

"Will you alter your dress, Lady Octavia?"

"Oh, not for the world!—People might think it was done on their ac-

"I must take the liberty of asking for, your company in another room—I will detain you only a moment. Lord Trecastle has deputed me to inform you—"

"If it is any thing about me, fir, you may fay it here!" faid Octavia.

"You, madam, are as much, or indeed more concerned than Lady Trecastle; castle; but I am fearful of hurting your head." Conway then gave the letters into Lady Trecastle's hand, letting her understand they related to Lady Mariamne, and desiring her to disclose their melancholy contents to Lady Octavia and his father; at the same time he informed her that something of consequence would detain him from her society the remainder of the evening.

But there is something of greater consequence to detain you here, Henry," said Mr. Conway.

"I beg, fir, you will not infinuate that I am of any confequence to your fon, or he to me!"

"It is to avoid all fuch conclusions, madam, that I withdraw!" said Conway; "and if ever we meet again, I hope we shall be of still less consequence to each other than we are at present."

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Octavia, in tears of passion and vexation.

Mr. Conway tried first to prevent his son from leaving the room, and then to pacify her; but equally unsuccessful in each attempt, they at length became silent, and lest Lady Trecastle an opportunity of disclosing the subject of the letters.

The same rumour that had informed Lady Octavia of her father's death so speedily (for she was at the hot-wells), brought the report of Sir Francis L'E-sterling's decease; and the report ran that he was killed in a duel by Lord Carloville. Octavia, in her violence, had never recollected her sister, though she was almost the only person she had ever had much affection for. The sudden account of her illness, and, as it might almost be considered, of her death, raised another violent storm of tears, in which sorrow had more share—and she sat

fat fobbing with her head on a fophapillow, peevishly controverting every argument of consolation offered by Lady I recastle or her uncle.

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The figure rundy is that had informed a lady Offaring of her-finiter's death for fineasity (for he was at the report of the death of the death of the age to the search of the death of the death of the search of t

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## CHAP. LXVII.

Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works. SHAKESPEARE.

in or median thereing ETHELREDA, fo strangely become an inhabitant of Strathener Caftle, could not cease to wonder at the novelty of her own fituation; for, weak and unfettled as her fenfes still were, she could not fufficiently recollect any thing that had passed previous to the funeral of Sir Francis L'Efterling; and fince that time to her removal to the very chamber where the at prefent lay, the could remember nothing but falling on the steps that lead from behind the altar to the subterraneous abode. Sometimes the idea of being in the power of Carloville would occur to her; and the fight of Dr.

Dr. Felton partly confirmed her in it. from a confused notion she retained of his features, and of his having attended her when the first fell into the hands of her tyrant. Such a conjecture was ill calculated to compose the wandering and uneasy state of Ethelreda's spirits. She pondered, without coming to any certain conclusion, upon her present mysterious fituation, without courage to enquire, lest the truth she dreaded should be confirmed. But there was fomething in the countenance of Dr. Felton that fet afide all suspicion of fraud or unkindness, and even re-affured the timid mind of Ethelreda, He as anxiously wished to know her story, as she was defirous of information on her own account. A meffage from Lady Trecastle, enquiring after her health, by Dr. Felton, gave the first intimation of her abode at Strathener; for the Doctor explained to her, at her desire, who Lady Trecastle was, and

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and that he had prevented her from visiting his patient till she was more recovered. In the course of their conversation, Ethelreda learnt that Conway had brought her from St. Siffrid's, and that Mr. Harwood was, as well as herfelf, Lord Trecastle's inmate.

The poffibility of feeing perhaps her fifter was a thought that Ethelreda dwelt on with rapture, and nearly exhausted herself in expressing the pleasure she anticipated; till Dr. Felton, in order to divert the subject from her thoughts that feemed entirely to occupy them, ventured to ask if the remembered ever having feen him before?-" Madam," faid he, " you do not know how much, and by what strange circumstances, I was interested for you-how much I was grieved and disappointed when I lost you, and could no where trace you to your concealment; for I acknowledge I took the liberty to fearch and enquire

for you, as well as description would serve; and that, in your case, ought to have guided me—I have seen but few such forms."

"Your friendship, sir, would have been a consolation to me, could I have availed myself of it," said Ethelreda. "Now that you tell me I am in the protection of my friends, I can ask for it without fear of involving you in perplexity."

"I am told, madam, your name is Carloville: if so, I have the claims of relationship; and be affured I shall not be slow in proving them."

"Of relationship!" exclaimed Ethelreda with horror—"Do you mean to betray me? Have you saved my life to make it miserable?—Where is Mr. Harwood? I will see him this instant!"

Dr. Felton, terrified at the alarm he had occasioned his patient to suffer, entreated her to believe him incapable of injuring

injuring her, or of making a bad use of the relationship he had presumed to claim as an honour—" I had a relation," continued he, "married to Lord Carloville."

"To Lord Carloville!" faid Ethelreda with strong emphasis.

"Yes—to Lord Carloville of Belhaven, the father of that Carloville whom all this family have so much reason to hate; and I believe," added he sighing, "that I too should hold the name in abhorrence, if I dared to question as far as my suspicions lead me."

"There is fomething in your countenance that tells me I may trust you!" faid Ethelreda, looking most anxiously at the Doctor: "I am Ethelreda L'E-sterling—once married to that very Carloville!—But I am telling you what you already know."

heard as yours," faid the Doctor, of for I thought you were the wife of Captain Conway,

Conway, separated by his family-Perhaps you mean to millead me; for I cannot help thinking those words uttered in the delirium of a fever were not merely accidental."

" Let me beseech you to think them fo!" faid the; " or rather never to remember them at all, nor mention them to Mr. Harwood or Conway. I repeat to you, fir, I have no right to any name but the one you have heard as mine:"

" I will believe every thing you would have me," faid the Doctor-" Indeed I cannot choose; for when you speak, a spell seems to hang over me: if I were a younger man, I would attempt to account for so strange a fascination," he added with a smile.

Ethelreda tried to answer the Doctor with fomething like cheerfulness; but the failed in the effort, and could scarcely restrain her tears as she returned her thanks thanks to Lady Trecastle's message; and they separated, for it was late.

It was still later, however, before the greatest part of the Castle guests began to take repose, for the sound of carriages announced the arrival of more visitors; and Lady Octavia, not come to any resolution whether she should sleep there or not, had given Lady Trecastle no decisive answer, in reply to the many entreaties she had made to take some repose after her fatiguing forrow; which, too noisy and violent to raise much compassion, had nevertheless been sufficiently tiresome to all condemned to hear her exclamations and complainings.

At the found of voices and company approaching through the hall, Lady Octavia hastily jumped from the sopha, and adjusted the feathers of her ridinghat, which were much displaced, before a large mirror.

"What a figure!—My dear Lady Vol. IV. L Trecastle!

Trecastle! who sent you your mourning? Don't you think, as I am rather tall and slender, my robe might be more slowing? Your turban is very elegant; but, as I am very fair, would not a black crape be more becoming? And I should like more feathers, and higher. But your hair is cut charmingly! Did they send you a hair-dresser with your clothes?"

"No, my dear! and I advise you to write for a chignon," said Lady Tre-castle, a little piqued at the criticism her dress had undergone; for her figure was full as fine as Lady Octavia's, her complexion as delicate, and her tresses more luxuriant.

"Oh, I have a profusion of hair!" cried Octavia —— But this interesting discussion could go no farther, from the appearance of Lord Trecastle and the guests who accompanied him. These were Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, and Mr. Carloville.

"You

"You are furprised, Rosamond!" said Lord Trecastle.

"And not less pleased at seeing you so agreeably accompanied.—Mrs. Harwood, I am quite happy at your return, so perfectly recovered as you appear to be!"

Mrs. Harwood returned Lady Trecastle's obliging speeches: and then Lady Octavia, advancing with a measured pace and tone equally affected, "hoped she had not been an invalid? Did she go abroad for her health?"- She thought it had been pleasure or economy. Mr. Harwood stared without answering; he thought to flupidity and want of feeling she need not have added ill-breeding. Mrs. Harwood, though furprised, replied to her with good humour; but Trecastle bit his lip, and turned away evidently in anger. "Mrs. Harwood," faid he, addreffing Lady Trecastle, " had taken up her quarters at the nearest town with her family; but she has complied with my L 2 entreaties.

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entreaties, and as Mr. Harwood had no arguments of force to oppose them, I have prevailed on her and Mr. Carloville her ercort to return with me here."

"I have many acknowledgements to make to Mr. Carloville for his care of Mrs. Harwood and her family," faid Harwood. "And I," added she, "should be deficient in gratitude, if I did not endeavour to express how highly I estimate his attentions." Mrs. Harwood then expressed a wish to retire: she was not ignorant of her sister's abode in the Castle; but, knowing she could not see her that night, she hoped to sleep away the tedious interval, though the anxiety she endured seemed to forebode her passing the night in wakeful impatience.

Lord Trecastle and Mr. Carloville went to a private room, that he might hear more in detail the account of Lady Mariamne's death. This had already been given circumstantially by Mrs.

Harwood;

Marwood; and as Mr. Carloville knew nothing of his brother, nor of his connexion with Lady Mariamne L'Esterling, his surprise and indignation were equally raised, when he heard the charges brought against him by the Strathener samily, in addition to the known injuries with which he had repaid the too easy and unsuspecting Sir Roger.

It was resolved upon by Lord Trecastle, that the body of his sister shouldbe brought to Strathener for interment.
Mr. Carloville informed him, that many
strange reports were circulating at Southampton; these, he thought, had they
reached Mrs. Harwood, would have been
highly distressing to her: he had therefore (he said) taken the liberty of urging
Mrs. Harwood to leave the place as
soon as Lady Mariamne no longer
needed her care—That she had left her
own servants behind to receive his orders,
and as the only valuables consisted in

fome rich trinkets, such as ladies carry in their pockets, and a letter case, she had given them into his possession, and at his request had sealed them up in an envelope. This packet Mr. Carloville now took from his pocket, and put into Lord Trecastle's hand.

Lord Trecastle took it, and looked mournfully at the seals for a few moments without breaking them: he seemed unable to speak, and they separated for the night.

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## CHAP. LXVIII.

all the violence and desperate refolecing All places that the eye of Heaven vifits, Are, to the wife man, ports and happy havens. SHAKESPEARE.

Per tutto è buona stanza, ov' altri goda Ed ogni stanza al valent' uomo è patria. Alla EMISCHI SIL DE GUARINI.

THOUGH it was late in the evening when Conway made his escape from the turbulent Octavia, he resolved not to pass the night in suspense, but hasten to St. Siffrid's, and, by means of Fitz-Piers, whom he expected to find there, clear up every obscurity that still remained to cloud his future happiness. At all events, to avoid Octavia was his fixed determination; and if that first fatal engagement with Carloville still divided him from the only woman in the world in - whole L4

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whose society his imagination centered all felicity-fhe alone who possessed influence over his mind to reftore him from frantic passion to reason, from all the violent and desperate resolutions of distraction, to understand the value and feel the duties of his existence-From her decision alone he was determined, after having fully explained his conduct and its motives with regard to his marriage with Octavia, to make no appeal. Perhaps he fest conscious, or hoped, that Ethelreda would not pronounce a sentence wounding to his feelings or her own; or perhaps some referve that lurked behind these mental resolutions deceived him into a momentary belief, that whatfoever she should refolve, he had felf-command enough to fubmit, and by this obedience make fome atonement for the forrows and alarms he had caused her to suffer. It was with the bitterest and most humiliating regret

regret he recalled to his mind his rash and ill-judged renunciation of the service in which he was engaged at the very moment when his honour was pledged to rifk his life in an unknown and perhaps dangerous enterprise; nor could he recollect, without shame and apprehension. that this difgraceful proof of a violent and uncontrollable temper, though it might not already, must shortly be known to Ethelreda, with circumstancesthat must fink him in her estimation for ever. So fully had his mind been occupied by other occurrences, he had had: no time fince his recovery to gain any information on a point that fo nearly touched his reputation, and consequently the repose of his life. He had transiently learned that another officer was appointed to the duty from which he had fuffered himself to be driven by perfonal resentment; and he knew not what colour had been given to conduct

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fo difgraceful that his cheeks were tinged with red whenever the recollection that across his mind, as it frequently did in the few short hours of folitude that had paffed fince his recovery. To return to the rank he had renounced he believed impossible; and, too fully convinced of his unworthiness to wish for Ethelreda's pardon, he only defired to be afcertained of her future destination, to receive her last commands, and then take leave of his native country for ever; to end his days in fome foreign naval fervice, unknown, and in a subordinate station; and in personal hardship lose, if possible, the recollection of himfelf.

Full of these wild imaginations, Conway reached the Castle. It was dark; and the wind, which blew strong from the south, brought in the tide with a heavy swell and hollow sound that reminded him of the dangerous cavern where where he once so nearly perished. He thought of Ethelreda's terror, and of the gratitude she expressed to him for her safety; every sentence was impressed on his memory; he repeated them as he walked on towards the beach, resolved to take a last look at that shore where he had preserved a life so precious.

The wind was rifing to a tempest; the sky became darker; and, from the increased agitation of the sea, its whole surface exhibited a luminous appearance inexpressibly grand and beautiful. Conway's thoughts and reasonings on his own situation suffered a momentary interruption in the contemplation of a phenomenon, natural and frequent as it is, still unaccounted for. From his profession, he had often witnessed similar appearances, and, fond of nature, had sometimes made them subjects of in-

vestigation at his leifure hours. He hastened towards a point of rock against which the waves broke with greater fury, and discovered Fitz-Piers, who, standing on its eminence, seemed to take singular pleasure in the storm. "Mr. Morgan!" cried Fitz-Piers descending from the height.

"Fitz-Piers, I believe!" said Conway in answer, and discovered by his voice to Fitz Piers that he was not Mr. Morgan—"I was in search of you," continued he, "though not exactly in this spot did I expect to find you. Nevertheless, I have made an approintment here, which I begin to apprehend for many reasons will not be kept; the stormy evening, I suppose, will pass for an excuse."

"I do not like that Morgan," faid Conway; "if you mean the Strathener chaplain."

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The same—Do you know much of him—of his character? Has he been long chaplain to Lord Trecastle?

ous to me than otherwise," said Conway; "yet I have an unconquerable repugnance towards him. Can I have so rascally a nature as to dislike him because he once did me a great service?"

"Not if I can judge of your disposition!" said Fitz-Piers warmly—"I have the same prejudices against this man, though I have scarcely ever exchanged a word with him —But can you tell me how long he has been patronized by your family?"

"I beg your pardon!" cried Conway, recollecting he had not answered Fitz-Piers's former question—"I have no memory, unless I can affist it by circumstances—Can you tell how long it is since your cousin, Carloville, married the daughter of fir Roger L'Esterling?"

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"Not exactly—" faid Fitz-Piers, musing—" Did he marry them?"

"Because," continued Conway, pursuing his own recollections, "it was
Carloville who introduced him to Caerleon; and Sir Francis L'Esterling, at his
request, promised him the living at the
death of the worthy old Lewis, who
never officiated after the funeral of Sir
Roger. He was a favourite with Caerleon, because he read the news papers
and talked politics to my uncle till
he could cajole him to do what he
pleased."

"It is of no moment now," faid Fitz-Piers, " as he did not marry them; but I have heard it suggested he was never properly ordained."

"But, by Heavens, it is of confequence!" exclaimed Conway with furprifing vehemence of voice and manner—"Twice he has married me."

"Twice, Conway!-You twice mar-

ried!" repeated Fitz-Piers.—" If you are mad, I shall not be much fur-prised."

- "This is no jest," said Conway with solemnity: "I must see this man—I must be satisfied on a point of the highest import; and yet—I know not whether it will insure the happiness or missery of my future life."
- "Then I suppose you are not quite certain whether you like your wives or not?"
- "I pardon your levity, Fitz-Piers, because you cannot know how I am circumstanced—how cruelly—"
- "You have two wives !-- Is not that it?"
- "Again!" angrily exclaimed Conway; "if you cannot hear me with decency, I have nothing further to fay to you."
- "Excuse me," faid Fitz-Piers with good humour—"I had not any idea of offending

offending you on a subject that seemed to me so unlike reality. But I have no expectation of seeing this man now.

Let us go towards the Castle."

I then cannot go with you, as our conference must be private—Say nothing of me, nor of the appointment; Morgan will think I have broken a promise to him." Whilst they were speaking, some one approached and passed without speaking. They walked on a sew steps; Fitz-Piers whispered Conway, "My business with him, as well as yours, is to discover his real character; leave him to me—I must see him alone, and will follow you to the Castle."

Conway consented, and, walking quickly on, left them to their conference; his mind full of confused ideas, hopes, doubts, and all the long train of uncertainties that such hints as those of Fitz Piers must naturally raise in the mind.

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mind of one to intricately circumstanced as Conway; not knowing whether torejoice or lament in the possibility of being fet at liberty by discovering the fictitious character of Morgan, fince he was sensible that his claim to Ethelreda, or Octavia's to him, hung by the fame tenure .- " Ah !" thought he, with regret, " had this impostor been the curate of St. Siffrid's when the vile Carloville so artfully procured the favour of the unsuspecting Sir Roger !- But that wretch, perhaps apprifed of his affumed character, took care he should not appear till he had secured the unfortunate Ethelreda beyond all chance of losing her !"

Tormented and agitated by a thoufand painful apprehensions, Conway began to think his friend would not return at all; for his impatience had multiplied the two hours of his absence into half the night. He continued pacing the the outer court till the found of footfteps told him they were at hand. He
heard Morgan's voice, as if humble and
entreating: Fitz-Piers answered him in
a different tone; but Conway, who had
retreated towards the inner gate that he
might not hear, could draw no conclufion from it—and presently he was joined
by Fitz-Piers, and they entered the Caftle together.

Conway did not speak, the other was equally silent, till they reached the door of a room; a servant preceded them with lights, Fitz-Piers took a key from his pocket with which he unlocked the door, and they seated themselves at a table covered with papers—"These," said Fitz-Piers, laying his hand on them, "are of too much consequence to be trusted to my care at present: do you think Lord Trecastle would take them into his?—But" continued he, "I have no right to involve him in my concerns

concerns without his knowledge: will you hear their contents and relate them to him?—I own I place great dependence on your affistance and that of your family—You all hate Carloville?"

"And shall eternally! bitterly!"
cried Conway starting from his chair.

"But what of Morgan?—Is he such another rascal? a cheat? an impostor?"

"Carloville is almost every thing that an unprincipled reprobate can be: Morgan has made some extraordinary confessions to me; and I am almost ashamed to own that I have promised to intercede for him with some of the injured persons whose resentment he most dreads, though I frankly told him I could give him but little hopes from my services, for, as Carloville's relation, I shall be seen by them all through an ill-coloured medium.

"He is not in orders, then?" asked Conway with an agitated voice.

"Yes:

"Yes: he was ordained at least ten years since; I am to see a certificate."

Conway made no answer, but paced the room in distress visible to Fitz-Piers. "I wish to hear what you have to say to me?" said he after some pause. I must be gone from hence as soon as I have executed your business with my cousin. You are the last person in this world who had it in their power to oblige me:

—You are the last person to whom I can be of any service—Name it to me, and the more hazardous the better".

"It is not so important as you seem to sancy," said Fitz-Riers, seeling some repugnance, from Conways strange manner, to disturbing him with any more details of Oarloville's villany: as he began to apprehend, that, from an enthusiasm of character, and the strong indignation he seemed to seel against oppression, he might be wrought up to a pitch of violence and sury extremely inimical

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inimical to his plan, and injurious to

"No matter, fir!" faid Conway, quickly returning to his feat:—"I demand it
of you as a debt: I infift upon being
employed by you.—When I leave this
country, not a man living shall justly reproach my memory with an obligation
unreturned."

"And I," faid Fitz-Piers, "willingly acknowledge I am not of to tenacious a spirit: the weight of an obligation is not so irksome to me. I should already feel overloaded. Even this, fir, that you rather ungraciously insist on conferring, will be placed amongst those I cannot repay."—There was something ironical in the manner of Fitz-Piers, which fortunately escaped Conway: he, ashamed of his violence, felt reproved by the apparent calmness of it, and apologized for himself by declaring his mind was not at ease.

Fitz-Piers too was vexed at himself, and pitied Conway, whose inexplicability seemed

feemed to indicate that he was not an oh. ject of resentment. He was forry to give him fresh cause of agitation in the recital he had to make: not that he knew of any particular interest he took in those persons whom Carloville had particularly injured, but that he was animated by that rare and obsolete quixotism that excites some persons to take up arms furiously in the cause of the oppressed. Conway's looks were full of defiance, rage, and impatience-whilft Fitz-Piers arranged the papers and letters-"These will explain to you, more circumstantially and clearly than I can, events which are necessary to be known to Lord Trecaftle, before he interests himself in my concerns.

"But have I time to go through them now?" asked Conway.

Strathener; she is there, unknown to the family. I left her much against my wishes; but, fearful of exposing her to Carloville's ob-

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Carloville's dissolute tribe of associates, still as I thought in the Castle, it seemed to me preferable."

"Your fifter, then, is the lady met with fo wonderfully, and whom I have neither feen nor heard of for many years. I had long ceafed to remember her but with abhorrence: I hoped and believed her dead. This detested Carloville, brought up with her from her infancy, prevailed on her privately to marry him. His father's difapprobation, as he told her, rendered fecrecy necessary; and the very reason that ought to have been an impassable barrier to her consent, as a dependent on her uncle, was fo often urged, that, young and unguided as she was, and preposfessed in his favour, she consented, with reluctance and almost insurmountable dread of Lord Carloville's lasting difpleasure, to submit to a private marriage. Carloville and I were at college together.

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His father took equal care of my edu. cation as of my cousin's. We were attached to each other from habit; at least I am inclined to think Carloville's temper was subject to no stronger ties. His gaiety and conviviality had gained him many intimate friends as he called them, particularly Morgan-he was not at college with us, and where Carloville picked him up I could never tell. Be it as it will, I took an infurmountable aversion to him, from having heard things of him, that, in my opinion, marked him as unfit company for gentlemen; and without any provocation (for we had never met), I used, when I saw him with my cousin, to treat him with rudeness, by passing them both without notice. Carloville went fo far as to invite this man to Belhaven, where, at Lord Carloville's defire, I always accompanied my cousin. I petulantly, and perhaps infolently, refused to be of the party, and immediately went

to London, to amuse myself with those whom I fancied better suited to be my companions, known, as I said, to be men of honour.

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"We parted in anger, and my coulin and his favourite went to Ireland-I to London, where I thought no more of them, or of my refentment. Term was foon to begin, when I received a letter from my fifter. It was about nothing; but yet a tone of uneafiness and anxiety feemed to go through it, fo that, contrary to my usual custom, I read it more than once. I knew that Ellen loved me, and reproached myself as the cause of her disquiet : either she wished to see me, or she had discovered something displeafing to my uncle in my absenting myfelf. I loft no time in reaching Belhaven. The wind was particularly favourable-nevertheless it was night when I reached the Castle. My uncle was in the gout; my lifter too was unwell-fhe VOL. IV. had M

had kept her room the preceding day, and could not be disturbed; Frederic and Will Carloville were at the seat of Sir Dennis Castlebar, a sew miles from Belhaven; Morgan, whom I described, had not been there at all. I selt uneasy and vexed, and, without another question, went to bed.

"It was, as I imagined, very foon after I had fallen afleep, that I was diffurbed by hallooing and hunting-horns. My cousins were under my window, inviting me to join their party; for they had heard of my arrival, from the huntiman whom they had appointed to meet them with dogs on their return from their visit. I was not disposed to exercise; but Frederic feemed fo entirely to have forgotten our mutual refentment, by the gay and jocund manner in which he tempted me, I was persuaded to join in the hunt. But the morning was unfavourable, and, after an hour or two, we agreed to return to Belhaven.

Belhaven. My uncle, when his health would not permit us to meet below, generally invited Ellen to make his breakfast for him in a room adjoining his own, and always feemed to take particular pleasure in her company. Impatient as I was to fee her, having heard fhe was not well, I would not have her diffurbed till Lord Carloville's hour, which was later than ours. I waited till near the middle of the day, when a fervant came to enquire of us for Miss Fitz-Piers? My uncle had been waiting an hour for

"I cannot express to you my astonishment: there was fomething foreboding in it!-I went to Lord Carloville: he took but little notice of me; but asked peevishly, 'Why I had been so inconfiderate as to take my fifter out in fuch a morning?'-I denied having feen her. 'Who then had?' was the instant question. It is impossible to describe to you the

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the confusion of the house. Carloville. if possible, was more frantic than myself. I recollected my fifter's letter, and, like a mad man, accused my uncle of having driven her from his house by unkindpels. Heaven knows with how little foundation and how bitterly I have regretted fuch black ingratitude! I shall never forget his countenance at the charge! He rose with alacrity, and, holding up his hand, fwore folemnly never to forgive that person, if any such there were, who had occasioned her flight. No, not my nearest in blood! I would cut him off from his inheritance, and even blot out his name from my memory!' he exclaimed. When I think of it, and of his pallion, I am surprised he did not join me in the malediction: indeed he refused to see me for many days after this melancholy one-not from refentment.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I cannot give you any idea of the grief

grief expressed by each of the Carlovilles. All our fearches-all our enquiries were vain; and I believe from the time of her leaving Belhaven till our last meeting, have elapsed, within a month or two, eight years."

Conway had liftened with deep attention, till at a pause in his narrative, he exclaimed, " Artful, hypocritical villain!"

"He was indeed the most confummate!-We left Belhaven together; and I have now told you all I know from my own observation and personal concern in this terrible and diffracting loss. Lord Carloville I know never recovered it. I fear I have been less clear than prolix in my detail; I must refer you to these papers for any obscurity; they are written by my fifter, and contain every elucidation."

"Let me hear the whole narrative from you, if you know more of it!" faid M 3

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Conway—"I cannot collect my thoughts to read these papers with the attention they demand."

"All that remains I have from my fifter's written account. I could not urge her to speak on the subject. She gave me these papers, written, as she faid, to explain, and, if possible, extenuate fome parts of her conduct, that had defervedly occasioned the severest censure. I find by thefe papers, she had been three months married to Carloville: that on the evening preceding that on which I returned, they had had a long converfation, in which he told her he no longer entertained the flightest hopes of pardon from his father should he avow their marriage; as he had declared, in the most decided terms, that both Ellen and her brother should, as well as his son, be eternally dismissed from his favour and But the evil was now irreprotection. mediable. In tears and diffraction this unfortunate

unfortunate girl deplored the ruin fhe had brought upon all whom the most loved. She proposed retiring to the house of her uncle Fitz-Piers, not doubting but that benevolent and forgiving man would receive and comfort her. Though this was the point to which Carloville's false accounts tended, yet he did not choose she should retire to her uncle. After a variety of reasons to convince her how prejudicial this step would be to all our interests, he prevailed on her to leave all her friends in ignorance of her fate; affuring her, that his father would miss her society too much not to wish her return at any rate, and would fubmit to bis terms to procure it, when he should make it appear, that, to avoid his displeasure, she had left him. These arguments-were but too powerful. She came to England, under the protection of Morgan, who had married them: she lived for some time in the neighbourhood

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of London. Carloville, though not very frequently, used to visit her from Oxford; till, tired of the expence, which his numerous dissipations rendered inconvenient to him, he abruptly told her she was not his wife; that be had since discovered, Morgan was not in orders when he married them!"

"Not in orders when he married them! Execrable villain!" reiterated Conway—"Oh Fitz-Piers, if you knew the emotions of my heart, whilst you have been speaking!—And he was really not in orders when he married them?—Then your fister never was his wife!"

"Have patience, Conway!—I am diffressed to see you so agitated!"

But go on: I promise to give you no more interruption."

"Carloville offered to take care of his boy, if the would part with him; because he said, as a single woman, she would

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find less difficulty in disposing of herself than encumbered with a child. He told her he had highly offended his father on her account, that his income was retrenched, and he found it necessary to go into the army, and leave his native country with a regiment then recruiting for the West Indies, and that he was no longer able to support her as he had done. - My miserable sister," continued Fitz-Piers, " in all the agony the endured, infifted on keeping her child : the represented to Carloville that nothing could be fo unjust as to suppose any stigma would attach to them from the villany of that wretch Morgan -for, unsuspecting as the was, her heart could not accuse Carloville of this horrible fraud. The diffress of her mind however brought on a fever; the lay many weeks infensible :-- on the return of her intellects the asked for her child, and was told he had been taken by his fa-

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ther's orders out of the house to avoid the fever, which they told her was contagious. A dread of imposition, and an involuntary want of confidence fuch conduct imperceptibly occasions, began to make her suspect Carloville of the vilest schemes. Distraction again took possession of her mind: he often called to enquire for her, and once faw her in her delirium. A long time her mind continued unfettled and wavering; the had forgotten her child, and, at Carloville's defire, was removed to another lodging for change of air: all her expences were defrayed by him, and, to preserve her life, he seemed to spare nothing. When she was sufficiently recovered to know him, as she did to the aftonishment of all around her, she entreated to see her infant-He scrupled not to confent immediately, and, weak as she was, the had no fear of undertaking a long journey once more to have that delight.

delight. Carloville accompanied her to the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he had placed the child with a cottager, who, as far as she was able, discharged the trust with care.

" From that time Carloville took his leave, perhaps smitten with regret at having drawn this young and unsuspecting creature into circumstances so cruel: for he continued to write to her plausible letters, full of promifes and affurances that whenever it should be in his power he would renew his engagements with her, provided the still concealed herself from her family; artfully intimating that his father particularly must remain in ignorance, as his prejudices against them were still so violent that any account of their connection coming to his ears might be of lasting disadvantage to their child. Young, and not much instructed in useful things, the obscurity of these letters was calculated to keep her in perplexity, and to reftrain her, from the fear of injuring her child's interests, from making her deplorable fituation known.

"But what was her horror, her defpair, and fufferings, when the news of Carloville's second marriage with Miss L'Esterling reached her, as it did soon after it had taken place!-Sometimes the would doubt the whole as impossible; fometimes recollecting her own unhappy case, she would believe, this lady, like herfelf, had been imposed on by vile and fictitious characters. But-no. it could not be! This lady was furrounded by her family, rich, and in the protection of her father! Her marriage too, was public. Often the refolved to write to Mifs L'Esterling; but how support her claims, or prove the truth of her fad ftory? She might be treated as an impostor, and her child would be deprived of bread: this confideration alone

was sufficient to secure her filence. Some fcanty remittances for a very fhort time after this marriage were the fast tokens of remembrance the received from Carloville, and these accompanied by an act of barbarity that made her remember them with abhorrence. She kept no fervant, and was always obliged to go herfelf for the letters when the expected any at the post-office: unable to carry her child, she used to entrust him to the care of her neighbour, the woman who had nurfed him. Not a fingle line accompanied the bills enclosed. With an already aching heart the returned to her cottage :- her poor neighbour met her at the door of it; upon asking for the child, the learned that a person had come to her not a quarter of an hour after her departure, and, calling the child by his name, and careffing him, had told the woman, his mother had met him on his way to her house—that he was to overtake her on the road with the child, as she did not mean to return that night.'—' He gave me money,' added the woman, 'and this letter—' The miserable mother tore it apart in agony: 'His father has sent for him, —he will be taken care of!' was all it contained.

" She tells me," continued Fitz-Piers, " she bore this greatest of her misfortunes with more outward calmness than any of her former ones; infomuch that the woman, who loved the child, faid to her reproachfully, ' she did not think she could have parted with him fo eafily.'-Even this, unmerited as it was, had no power to move her, 'His father would take care of him, and the should die!' - But you have more feeling than to hear this story with indifference," faid Fitz-Piers addressing Conway; " and I confess I had rather not go on-But I would not have you read

read the papers; they are a thousand times more affecting."

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"Tell me how I can ferve you!" faid Conway with warmth; "I answer for Caerleon, my father, our whole family; tell me speedily what I am to do, that I may do it!"

"I will not deter you from other concerns, Conway; but when you have an opportunity, lay all the circumstances of this affair before your cousin."

"Do not reproach me by naming other concerns; this is one to which I could devote my life!"

" All I fear," continued Fitz-Piers,
" is lest William Carloville should endeavour to set aside any claims I may have it in my power to make for my sister's boy. This is merely supposing the worst, for I have no right to think ill of him—In that case he may be trouble-some, though I believe not materially so. From some recent circumstances

I think any remonstrances your family would condescend to make, cannot fail of meeting with due consideration from that of Carloville. Do you think it probable the Harwoods will offer any opposition? They are liberal and noble minded, and, as their sisterests can no longer interfere, I should hope, from what I know of their general character, they had too much generosity to burthen the oppressed by obstacles of their raising."

"You cannot praise them too much in my hearing: Harwood will act up to every expectation the noblest mind can form of him, and so will Ethelreda."

"And so would Ethelreds?" repeated Fitz-Piers; "but she is spared, and be yould the reach of malice or missortune, of mortification or disgrace!"

"Explain what you mean by difgrace?" fomewhat roughly asked Conway.

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Why, as Morgan will fwear to the legality of my fifter's marriage, and to his own previous ordination, provided I can indemnify him against the rage of the Harwoods, for having tacitly been accessary to the imposition practised on their fifter. If not, he will abscond as he threatens, and I shall lose my only witness; for, like a fool, I have been dealing with him upon honour, instead of consigning him to a constable."

"Morgan will swear to the legality of the marriage?—Then I answer for the Harwoods!" cried Conway—" Morgan, cursed rascal as he is, shall have old Lewis's living!—But, no, it will be better to pay him the worth of it. I never desire to look at a rascal. Fitz-Piers!" said he, recollecting himself with a sigh, "this will go well with you all but me, I fear!—Get Morgan's attestation as strongly drawn up as you can: you may venture to promise him any indemnity—I take

I take that upon myself. It will be the first time, and I hope the last, we have to compound selony—yet what would I not do to serve her?"

"Who?" asked Fitz-Piers with emphasis.

"One, whom, if it should be in my power—Get the certificate to-night. I shall go early to Strathener."

"To-night! it is impossible!—But call upon me when you want a testimony in your own favour! I am jealous lest any other man should be the panegyrist of your warmth in the cause of the injured—Your kindness, your feelings, your unwearied exertions, your passion for justice—!"

"Could you fee my heart, how all these magnified virtues would shrink to a point—to nothing—to selfishness!"

Disguise them as you please, assign all the motives you can suggest, genuine feelings can lose nothing of their character." he

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racter."—To Conway in the present state of his mind there was nothing oppressive in these praises; he heard them with satisfaction, because every thing that could raise him in his own estimation seemed to place him nearer Ethelreda. They continued to talk over their plans till morning; all that he heard seemed to Conway like a pleasing dream, from which he cared not to awake by leaving his companion.

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## CHAP. LXIX.

Se parent quivoudra du nom de ses ayeux, Moi je ne veux porter que moi-même en tous lieux; Je ne veux rien devoir à ceux qui m'ont fait naître, Et suis assez connu, sans les faire connoître.

P. CORNETELE.

O F all the newly-arrived personages at Strathener, it may be supposed Mrs. Harwood most ardently longed for the morning. By the advice of Dr. Felton, a preparatory note from her to her sister was intended to take from the surprise; it was no sooner delivered, than a single line, written with a pencil in Ethelreda's hand, expressed the impatience she shared with her sister, once more to see her, and hear the sound of her voice.

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But how different in appearance were the emotions of each !- Mrs. Harwood all tears: Ethelreda all joy and rapture. To be restored to her friends, to her home, and no longer cut off from fociety and light, no longer a breathing body amongst the dead! she seemed to feel a new existence; that sister whom she thought the parted with for ever, now in high health, and apparently referved for many years of happiness, surrounded by a numerous family. Not so Mrs. Harwood:- The had quitted her native country, with perhaps not very lively hopes of returning to it; but the had feen her fifter as blooming and lovely, as youth and health and an undiffurbed mind could make her-freed, as the supposed, from all her fears of her husband's return by the certainty of his death, and not subject to a remaining care-admired, almost adored, for her fweetness of disposition, her charity, her benevolence,

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benevolence, and placing her whole delight in the exercise of her virtues—her time employed in elegant or useful occupations, and apparently satisfied and content, she seemed to have ensured to herself a life of calm and undisturbed happiness.

But her youth, her health, and even her beauty is diminished: she is grown old in appearance, though but sew years have been added to her number; her prospects are changed—her views are darkened—and the whole scene of her suture life becomes a series of dread, anxiety, and disappointment. The contrast was too much for the tenderness of Mrs. Harwood to support; and in return for Ethelreda's faint smiles, she could only give tears and expressions of sorrow.

All the guests met at breakfast, Ethelreda and her sister excepted. Mrs. Harwood's apologies were readily admitted;

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the more so as they were accompanied by a message from Ethelreda to Lady Trecastle, intimating her intention of paying her a visit in the morning, as she was sufficiently recovered to leave her room, and to think of taking leave of those friends to whose kindness she had been so much indebted.

This meffage in some particular or other was pleasing to the whole party; the ladies who had seen her before wished to know if she was much altered—especially Lady Octavia, whose astonishment at hearing she was alive and at Strathener is not easily described. Lord Trecastle rejoiced in her recovery—Mr. Conway inwardly in the prospect of her speedy removal—and Mr. Carloville, in having at last an opportunity of judging of the persections of so celebrated and so unfortunate a young woman, though he was ashamed of the name by which he must introduce himself to her knowledge.

Lord

Lord Trecaftle had employed himfelf part of the night in examining Lady Mariamne L'Esterling's pocketbook ; it contained letters from Carloville, which left no doubt of her perfeet co-incidence in all his propofals; amongst the rest, the forged account of Ethelreda's death, and the ring, by means of which he had aided his schemes against the honour of Sir Francis L'E. sterling and his family. These he communicated to Harwood and Mr. Carloville, by which it was explained to the former in what manner the reports of his fifter's death had been propagated and gained credit. These, as they brought conviction of his villany, and the length he fcrupled not to go, were highly diffresting to each of them. Indeed Harwood found some security for Ethelreda from her persecutor, in the violent death of Sir Francis L'Esterling, or, his fears for her repose and safety would

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would have been greater than ever; fince she was now in reality the heiress. of property, conjointly with her fifter, to the amount of ten thousand pounds a year-a sufficient inducement with him. to renew his attempts at getting her into his power. These considerations werenot calculated to raife their spirits, so that they did not add to the entertainment of the ladies at breakfast-and except a few observations excited by Ethelreda's meffage, and Conway's absence, which was noticed by Mr. Harwood, to the great indignation of Lady Octavia, who wondered it was not better understood he was not to be named before her, the conversation languished, and fuffered long intervals, filled up by gloomy or suspicious countenances.

In one of these moments of taciturnity, a gentleman was announced by the name of Pernell. He took his seat near the door, and, except to Mr. Conway, Vol. IV. N appeared Trecastle was not then in the room, having lest it to setch a packet which came by express to his uncle with one to him the preceding evening: in his confusion he had not opened it, and, from the same cause, had detained his uncle's in his possession. Mr. Conway could not conceal the pleasure even the outside of this packet gave him—he contemplated its size, and put it in his pocket unopened:

Mr. Pernell was the late Earl's attorney. He took an opportunity, having continued standing whilst Lord Trecastle and his uncle were engaged, to let the former know he waited according to his orders.

"Oh, Mr. Pernell, I beg your pardon!—You are now at leifure to read the will?"

"Quite, my Lord—if your Lordship is not too much engaged."

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"By no means; the time is of my own appointing. We are all here, I believe? No-where is Harry Conway?"

"Pray, Mr. Pernell, read the will !" cried Lady Octavia-" I fee no neces-

fity for any more hearers."

Mr. Harwood and Mr. Carloville of course attempted to leave the room as foon as the will was mentioned; but were pointedly entreated to flay-there was some little debate upon it between them, the gentlemen complying with reluctance, when Conway and Fitz-Piers entered. The unexpected meeting of the latter with Mr. Carloville caused a new delay, especially as, when he discovered the bufiness they were going upon, he attempted to withdraw; to which Lord Trecastle again opposed his entreaties. "Well, now this person of so much consequence is arrived, I suppose Mr. Pernell may proceed," faid Octavia. Na "I with

"I wish to have this matter conducted with decency, madam," said her brother with much gravity.—" You will please to observe we have many witnesses."—After a long pause—" Mr. Pernell—"

Mr. Pernell began to read his parchments, page after page, full of the most tedious repetitions. Conway could not conceal his impatience, and an observer would have imagined he had been difappointed of a legacy, whilst in fact not one fyllable did he hear or diftinguish from another; and Lord Trecastle might have left him his whole eftate for any thing he had heard to the contrary.-Not so Octavia; she was lending all her attention to discover whether she was independent of her brother, or whether Lord Poynings delegated the same difcretionary power to her brother with which her father by his will had been invested. After all the estates were difposed

posed of, and the late Lady Trecastle's jointure and large fortune, which came undivided to her fon, the daughters were mentioned; by which it appeared this will had been made previously to the death of Sir Francis L'Esterling, and immediately after Lady Marianne's marriage. Still Lady Octavia was infuspense about herself; she could not comprehend whether the was mentioned with or without restrictions, will she heard her doom unequivocally pronounced in the fentence- Further I will and bequeath to my daughter Octavia Conway, upon the same conditions imposed by her maternal uncle, Octavius de Essart, Lord Poynings, the sum of five thousand pounds, in addition to the fum already bequeathed by the abovementioned, &c. &c. -- and in case of my demise, I do empower my son Ernest de Effart Conway, viscount of Caerleon " Do you think, fir, I will submit to these conditions? No3

with indignation—'I will make a chancery fuit of it, and expose you to all England! The will is spurious, forged! My father was not in his senses!' she continued, raising her voice at every sentence—'Five thousand pounds! and that paltry sum not in my own power!'

"It is indeed a most unequal division," said Mr. Conway in a tone that discovered his disapprobation; "for, is I heard right, Lady Mariamne's name is very differently mentioned."

"But you cannot be ignorant, fir, Lady Mariamne's whole portion, including what fhe received at her marriage, only amounts to twenty thousand pounds—whilst her fister, by the Poynings' legacy alone, is entitled to more than twice that sum."—" Very excellently tied up for your use," added Octavia.

"Twenty thousand you know you can

can dispose of as you please. I own I think his Lordship would have shown his wisdom, if you had been still more dependent, considering the wife use you make of your money!"

"You, I suppose, could dispose of it more sensibly at a certain house in the neighbourhood of St. James's, or perhaps you have already?—I think, Mr. Pernell, I have a plea—the law will set cure my property by taking it out of the hands of a gamester."

"I am shocked at your indiscretion, Lady Octavia!" exclaimed Lady Trecastle, who looked vexed during this scene.

"Your Ladyship may account yourfelf fortunate if mine are the only ones you discover."

"I always was of opinion, and I am fo still," said Mr. Conway, " that daughters should be equally provided for by their father: my brother was certainly

N 4

wrong

wrong to confider the Poynings' legacy in his will more than if it had never been bequeathed to Lady Octavia."

"I am fure my uncle's opinion would have great weight in a court," faid the filly young lady.

"The laws are very nice in these cases: nevertheless there are many instances of wills set aside when they have been considered unjust; and if my nice thinks of contesting the will, I, as friend to both, would advise my nephew to add the unpaid moiety of Lady Mariamne's fortune to Lady Octavia's—it will be still in the family."

"I begin to see, sir," said Trecastle, 
"that you and I never have thought alike, and that we never shall. In the sirst place, I confess it would never have entered my head to appropriate any part of Sir Francis L'Esterling's property to my own use."

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"You only choose to make free with mine," said his fifter." solution and and

"You, my Lord, speak with so little precision, I am at a loss for your meaning. Sir Francis, we all know, will never claim the legacy, or his lady: in that case, I believe, Mr. Pernell, it is a lapse legacy; that is, it reverts to the heirs at law.—In a point of law it is your place to speak."

that case made and provided

"Never mind the statute—but tell us whether it is or not," cried Octavia.

"Your ladyship must excuse me, it is my way of speaking:—a lady of your quality cannot be supposed to understand the laws of the realm, or to concern yourself about them. I know very well your Ladyship's time has not been spent in learning any thing of the kind; but my Lord, and the gentlemen, if they are of the house, must know, unless N 5 there

there is an act for it, I might as well not give my opinion at all."

giving an opinion, Mr. Pernell!" faid Trecaftle with a finile; "but I am fure there is no statute to prevent me from paying the heirs of the late Sir Francis L'Esterling what I shall always consider as their right."

"My Lord, you call for my admiration at your noble way of thinking—at the same time I protest against your intention!" said Mr. Harwood; "I know something of the law, and I believe, Mr. Pernell, the bequest reverts to the heirs, executors, &c. &c. unless, sir, as I was going to say, the will of the testator runs differently."

" That is understood."

"We shall see as we proceed to sinish reading the will," added Mr. Pernell. By this time the legacies were mentioned: they were numerous. Mr. and

and Mrs. Conway and their son were each mentioned, and Sir Francis L'E-sterling; some distant relations of the late Lady Trecastle, Lady Caerleon. Lord Berasston, &c. and the servants of the household. Mr. Pernell solded up the parchments, and the silence imposed on the company was instantly at an end.

"I have been waiting with the utmost impatience to speak to you," said
Conway to his cousin—" I thought
these eternal parchments would never be
finished! Can you spare an hour now?"

"I have not quite finished with Pernell."

"I tell you again, Conway, there is no occasion for this violent haste: perhaps I can settle my business with Will Carloville without troubling Lord Trecastle unnecessarily," said Firz-Piers;

"You may command me in an hour's time, Fitz-Piers," faid Trecastle: "I have not finished with Pernell."

"Now, Mr. Pernell," faid Octavia, N 6 coming coming up to him with the will in her hand, tell me boneftly who dictated this will. Do not be afraid to speak the truth; it will raise your character as an attorney with some, though perhaps not with all your clients."

"Your Ladyship, I can affure you, has no reason to think ill of me," said Mr. Pernell with a half-timid countenance: "whatever doubts may arise with any of the parties concerned, I have nothing more to say; the will must be proved and registered."

"I wish you would have done with your law, and answer my question."

"I am afraid, my Lady, we shall never understand each other."

"If you have any thing to say to Mr. Pernell, send your attorney to talk to him, Lady Octavia!" said Trecastle angrily—"I am tired of hearing so much childish altercation from a woman of your age."

" Oh,

"Oh, fir, I am privileged for many years!—You do not choose to allow me arrived at discretion till I am five and twenty?"

frong proofs of the necessity of the re-

Octavia blushed deeply, and was filent.

The attorney had no sooner taken his departure, than Conway once more called on Trecastle to give him an opportunity of disclosing the business of Fitz-Piers; when Mr. Conway with much formality desired the previous attention of his nephew to some concerns of his own: "I make no apology to I you, Henry."

"Yet you detain me most unseasonably!" said Conway with unrestrained vexation rise and drive it ever to the

Lord; I think it needless. The packet
I have

I have just received from the hands of your Lordship is not unexpected. I suppose I have no occasion to recapitulate my services, in order to remind any one here present that I have deserved well of my country. Let not any suppose I do not feel conscious—I acknowledge I am proud to boast of having deserved, merited, bought—I mean earned, these rewards, or rather, not rewards—rights; I wish to be clear, very explicit—Am I understood?

Not quite," faid Trecastle with an ironical smile, was

way : " Have you finished, fir ?"

continued Mr. Conway.

of what nature is the recompense—I have only to receive it with humility if my country decree me a statue, or a pension, or my sovereign decorate me with a title.

rice, or ambition Page and hadren bad

"Certainly not I" answered some of

my opinion." Said Conway, " shall referve

"It was my nephew's I particularly wished to obtain," said Mr. Conway a "and before these gentlemen, your notions I know are rather eccentric," he continued, addressing his son. "But be it understood that I have never held any consultation, never given any hint, I mean that I have not the most distant idea of the nature of the recompense my long-tried services have entitled me to receive."

"Indeed 1" cried Trecastle, with a well counterseited air of astonishment. Conway frowned, and bit his lip, and with an air of vexation said, in an under voice, he would not stay to hear the conclusion; when his father pointedly defired

fired him to exert his parience till he had finished his speech. He resumed: My Lord Trecastle expresses his forprise that I should be ignorant of the nature of the reward bestowed on me by my country !- His Lordship himself cannot be ignorant, cannot suppose, that I should presume to dictate in such circumstances: it is therefore needless for me to disclaim any motive which may be fupposed to guide those who folicit honours, who boldly name the recompense they expect, and infolently refuse all but the identical gratification on which they have placed their hopes. That I have obtained a title, I am disposed to think; that I shall be accused of vanity, is the probable consequence; but I only wish from my foul, that every man in the kingdom were as unambitious, as difintereffed, as moderate in his defires, and as little elated with high expectations, as myself.-I do not express myself, I fear, with

with fufficient perspicuity and laccuracy," continued Mr. Conway to his auditors; " my expectations are by no means high ones, and I declare myfelf still uncertain by what appellation I am to be distinguished known, in future." Mr. Conway concluded by taking his dispatches out of his pocket and breaking the feals, whilft Trecastle, hastily fearching amongst some papers of his own, selected a gazette from them, and with a vilage highly exciting curiofity, by the strange and ludicrous expressions it exhibited; continued to furvey his uncle, who, glancing his eye over the paper, declared with fome confusion there was a mistake, and he must delay any further communication. 1 to bes

"It is very extraordinary," said Trecastle, "that business of this consequence should be conducted with so little attention that any mistake should arise!—Let us look at the Gazette!"

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"The Gazette may be equally inaccurate—nay, it must be!" said Mr. Conway with strong marks of vexation in his tone and manner.

Lord Trecastle read a fentence to himself, and then repeated aloud, "Aberconway!"

Mr. Conway, his countenance brightening all at once.

That relates to me, I find," faid Trecastle with extreme coolness..." but this
to you, as I imagine...... The Hon.
Meredith Conway to the title of Baron
Oswyn, of Orwyn, his heirs-male, &c.
&cc.....in right of his wife the Hon.
Melesine de Percy, only surviving issue
and sole heires of Lionel de Percy
Baron Orwyn.'....My Lord, I have the
honour of being the first to felicitate
you?"

ble, fir !" cried Mr. Conway, expressing

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ing himfelf with difficulty-" You cannot suppose I will ever submit to the mortification of wearing a title in right of my wife. Of that, fir, you were well aware; and I look upon your congratulations, as they were intended, infult and mockery, I shall refent your conduct as long as I breathe; and I expect that each of my family will adopt my fentiments, and that all communication between us is from this moment at an end. Gentlemen," faid he addressing his altonished auditors, "Ldischim this ignominious title and I wish to make it known, that so be addressed by it I shall confider as a personal infuls and defiance; and you, Henry, must fee it in the same light, if you value my favour present or future. The authority view of

"Menaces of every description are quite out of my way," said Conway calmly; "and they never were worse applied to me than in the present instance, since fince, if there be any thing I consider with more than total indifference, it is this very title—and indeed most others. But I must protest against the injustice of breaking off all communication and friendship with my cousin, merely because he inadvertently applied this reprobated title."

"And how often," cried Trecaftle laughing, "have I patiently borne the title of reprobate from my uncle "

way!" continued Conway.

though I should have been perfectly satisfied to have remained Trecastle, I could not tamely suffer myself to be supplanted; and yet I have taken no very vigorous steps in the affair. I cannot help thinking I am particularly obliged—"

Conway. Conway.

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"Pray, fir," said Octavia to her uncle, "why do you put yourself in this violent passion? I am sure, if your Lordship do not accept of your title, your speech has been to very little purpose!"

dy Octavia; you owe my commands fome respect." Min made shows with the commands of the respect of the commands of the respect of the commands of the commands

"I am fore, if I were Mrs. Conway—
Lady Orwyn I mean—I should not
give up so easily; and you may depend upon it, notwithstanding all his
pretended moderation, Captain Conway
will take it as soon as you are dead, if
you do not."

Mr. Conway's patience could scarcely endure this impertinence with tolerable decency, and it was with extreme difficulty he refrained from answering, and remained in the room.—"To be fure," continued the provoking creature, "the Minister might as well have made you

an Earl. The barony of Orwyn is a very old one, certainly: but then it is but a barony; and every one is fond of rank; and if you were an Earl, you might look forward to becoming a Marquis; and I know you would not be content till you became the first of your family!"

"My uncle then must look forward to a dukedom; for my Lord is, as I see by the Gazette, Marquis of Aberconway," said the new Marchioness with some little exultation.

"Really!" faid Octavia, looking at her fifter as if the already faw the additional pearls in her coronet.

"And the sequestered estates—are they restored?" faid Mr. Conway, forcing himself to ask the question with an air of interest.

"I have renfon to think they will be," faid Trecastle; "and that you, sir, have equal claims to them all, Gonway Castle Castle excepted. I am sure, my cousin," continued he, turning to Conway, "will not think me selfish of unreasonable for wishing to maintain an exclusive right to that, as an inheritance, for which, however, I allow an equivalent; being, as I am, persuaded that I have no right whatever to any of the property in sequestration, but as an equal sharer with the other descendants of the attainted Earl of Aberconway."

II.

"I positively disclaim all participation in the Aberconway property on my own account," cried Conway. "The aggrandizement of your name will bring additional claims with it, whilst mine diminish; for I shall take but little pleasure in being distinguished for riches," he added with a sigh. "Yet do not missinterpret what I am saying: Titles, I repeat, cannot interest me—to me what would they be but conspicuous dishonour?"

Neither

Neither Lord Aberconway nor his uncle understood Conway entirely.

You have fome peculiar ways of thinking, Harry," faid the latter: " but I join you in the opinion that the Conway property must not be divided. His Lordship, with his usual light estimation of expence, feems to think his present fortune sufficient to maintain his new dignities; but I have too much respect for the family honour to consent to the alienation of any of the estates; and as my life henceforth will be a retired one, it will be in my power to make my fon's fortune equal to Lady Octavia's, and, at the fame time, continue to live in the style most agreeable to myfelf " nither citient" filelym to

tavia's name may not be mentioned," faid Conway earnestly; "it is equally disagreeable to that lady."

"I shall beg a private conversation with

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with Mr. Conway on that subject," faid
Lord Aberconway.—" And now I am
ready to attend to your business, and
that of Mr. Fitz-Piers."

Fitz-Piers and Carloville had retired to the further end of the room during the latter part of this conversation. Fitz-Piers had taken the opportunity of laying the story of the unfortunate Ellen before him, and of explaining the predicament in which she stood as to the legitimacy of her child. He speedily found, to his great satisfaction, that Carloville, though he loft all chance of a title by this most unexpected claim, not only acquiesced with cheerfulness and entered into all his views with alacrity, but made every offer of service and protection in his own name and that of his wife; expressing at the fame time his great defire that they should both accompany him to town.

VOL. IV.

Harwood

Harwood left the room as foon as the bufiness, to which Mr. Conway had called the attention of all prefent, was concluded in a way of contrary to his expectations; judging wifely enough that Mr. Conway had no further with to detain any of them; and concluding the harmony of the family would not very speedily be restored, after a circumstance so likely to affect its peace as that to which he had just been witness, he thought the most delicate mode of proceeding towards the feelings of Mr. Conway, would be for him and his family to take their leave, provided Ethelreda was able to begin the journey: otal horoton han confidencia

Fitz-Piers now informed Conway, Mr. Carloville and himself had settled their concerns without applying to Lord Aberconway; nor could he refrain from praising the justice of his cousin, in which Conway heartily joined him; but speedily

speedily missing Harwood, and dreading lest he should be making preparations for his departure, he did not stay to hear their arrangements, which Fitz-Piers was preparing to tell him, but, hastening towards the door, as precipitately he retreated to give entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Harwood with Ethelreda.

The ladies, who were whispering at the upper end of the room, advanced to meet her: Mr. Carloville and Mr. Conway stepped back a few paces; Aberconway looked agitated—Fitz-Piers pleased, respectful, but full of enquiry; and Conway most unceremoniously turned towards a window which seemed to engage all his attention, whilst compliments and introductions occupied the ladies. To these Mrs. Harwood answered for her sister, whose spirits were evidently too weak to bear the sight of so many persons, some of whom she had

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known

known intimately—and others, though unknown to her before, occasioning the most unpleasant recollections.

Harwood, whose anxiety to get out of the way of the mortified Mr. Conway was not trifling, had urged Ethelreda to make this one effort, telling her it was necessary to see the family once before her departure, which he had previously fettled should take place in the course of the morning; concluding at the same time it would be the most expedient to take a general leave on her's as well as on Conway's account, and that this interview would leave no opportunity for a more particular one. Harwood, not a little embarraffed at the air of consternation his prefence occasioned the whole party, had some difficulty to interrupt the intervals of filence that took place after their entrance : for the languid countenance of Ethelreda pale and altered, her evident depression of spirits, and

and almost total silence, seemed to attract the observation even of Mr. Conway, whilst Trecastle could scarcely conceal the grief with which he saw her altered person, and recollected what must have been her sufferings.

It was in answer to Mr. Conway's enquiries after her health that Conway first heard the sound of her voice; and approaching her with abruptness and haste, in a hurried manner repeated his father's question, which she answered in a voice still less articulate.

"Change of air," faid Harwood feizing the opportunity, "is recommended to my fifter by Dr. Felton immediately, and the has confequently fixed on beginning her journey this day. We are unfortunate in being obliged to depart so suddenly, but the advice of a phyfician must take place even of our wishes."

It was impossible not to see through O 3 the

the formal and studied air of this speech. fo unlike Harwood's ufual manner Lord Aberconway reproached him with fo speedily changing the intention he had been allowed to believe he entertained of making a longer stay: and applied first to Mrs. Harwood then to Lady Carloville, in order to prevail with them. He was joined by his lady, whilft Conway fixed his eyes on the ground. and preferved his filence, though not his indifference; for it was evident to all present that he was not uninterested in the fuccess of his cousin's pleading. especially to Lady Octavia, who eyed him with looks of fcorn and jealoufy, though the was too much in fear of her brother's observation to direct any of these glances towards Ethelreda.

Harwood, in the mean time, with an air of gaiety talked to the men, gave them all invitations to Harwood-Hall, and, leaning on the back of his chair, only

only waited the fignal of moving from the ladies, who, uninfluenced by the eloquent and almost pathetic entreaties of Aberconway, had taken their decided leave; and Ethelreda, led by him, had already reached the door, when Conway, roused from his state of inaction. rapidly followed, and, seizing her hand, as instantly replaced her in the chair she had quitted. "I cannot -I will not fuffer you to go !" cried Conway. "This, fir, is your daughter!" addressing his father-" Command her to ftay ! She is my wife, but she disowns me, flies from me-I will not maintain the cruel filence imposed on me another moment : my claims shall be publicly made; I will prove them before every unprejudiced person, in spite of your studied evafions, and those of your relations!" "What strange frantic behaviour is

"What strange frantic behaviour is this, Conway?" exclaimed Harwood, O 4 observing observing the terrified countenance of Ethelreda.

"Barbarous and unmerited accusation!" said she, casting up her eyes with an expression of mingled grief and confusion, and turning away her face whilst she tried to disengage her hands from those of Conway.

"My dear Ethelreda! how have you offended Captain Conway?" asked Mrs. Harwood, looking at him repreachfully.

"You are predifposed to judge harshly of me, and I am too conscious of deserving your worst opinions—Yet," cried Conway, "distressing as your severity is, I cannot be silent: I will not relinquish this hand without an effort; I will not lose this last opportunity I may ever have of pleading my right at least to being heard. If I acknowledge all the faults by which I have forseited them,

them, I will at least repeat those claims, and enjoy the wretched happiness of boasting they were once allowed!—But should you, Ethelreda, have reminded me of my unworthiness?—Forgive me this last reproach! I am too sensible of the distance between us."

"Your memory is too faithless to past events, sir," said Ethelreda, some faint colour rising into her cheeks as she spoke—"All that is past is forgotten, or I think that reproach would have been spared."

"You despise, you treat me with contempt and scorn-with coldness!"

"Conway!" cried Harwood interfering, "fuffer the ladies to retire; you forget that one of them is quite an invalid, and that this violence may be highly injurious."

"Do not attempt to controll me!"

cried Conway. "Have I not feen an
instance of her perseverance? Do I not

O 5 know,

know, if I lose fight of her this moment, it may be for ever?-Difgrace and difhonour are attached to my name. - But you Ethelreda, be prevailed on, in compassion, to facrifice your fincerity-Tell me you do not despise me, tell me you pity my unfortunate rashness, and it will be sufficient for my repose. I will never trouble you with my complaints or importunities-I will promife any thing !" -Diffreffed as the was by every circumstance of this interview. Ethelreda could scarcely command her voice to utter a fingle fyllable in answer: the eyes of all were turned towards her, and, suffering, as the did from their observation, the felt still more acutely the sufferings of Conway, than those he had imposed on her; the fecret marriage, so long and so studiously concealed, Conway's abrupt: and violent declarations now rendered no longer a fecret, but called on for her own, fake to make a full and explicit disclosure, fhe

flie continued filent from embarrassment and confusion, and almost fainting with the feelings she tried to conceal.

"You will not even fpeak!" faid Conway, turning away with a countenance of agony after a long paule.

" I must-after all you have faid, I dare not be filent .- I make no facrifice of my fincerity in faying I pity you -I know not what you mean by difhonour-I hope none will attach to me in the opinion of any here present :- that we were nearly connected you yourfelf have disclosed, but that we are for ever feparated I here proclaim, and call upon you to acknowledge in the presence of your family and mine !- I will not add to my own distress by prolonging this explanation, though, had it been less public, fuch an appearance of confideration for my feelings however it might have added to their acuteness; would have increased my esteem." At the

wery moment that Ethelreda tried to shelter herself under assumed severity, her heart was bursting with a variety of emotions almost too painful to be endured; and when Conway exclaimed, "Then I have lost it for ever!" she burst into tears.

During this scene, so distressing even for the observers. Fitz-Piers had been particularly attentive: and, unable to gather what mistaken ideas could now interfere to separate them, knowing as he did that Conway was perfectly aware of the validity of his own marriage, from the certainty of Carloville's having previously taken place many years with his fifter, consequently the only valid one, except his with Ethelreda L'Esterling; and not knowing Conway's notions of his own unworthiness on the one hand. and the belief of Ethelreda and her family on the other, that each was held by contrary ties-wished to explain himself

to Harwood (a talk necessary to be performed) on the subject of the diffolved interests of Carloville and his supposed wife. But how to effect this disclosure. positively necessary as it was, he knew not, especially as some degree of embarraffment he thought must attend it with respect to Harwood and his family, and perhaps to Conway, notwithstanding the vehemence and earnestness with which he now afferted his claims to the once supposed widow of Lord Carloville. But he had no acquaintance with the Harwoods, and but a late one with Conway; fo that in some measure he flood excused for forming so timid a judgement. Little did he guess that Harwood would have paid half his fortune for the intelligence he retarded communicating, and have thought it cheaply purchased. A paradori and obligated alle

The confusion that Ethelreda's tears occasioned, and Conway's inconsiderate protestations,

protestations, was not a little increased by the pretended hysterics of Lady Octavia. As to Mr. Conway, his aftonishment and perplexity seemed arrived at their highest pitch, as well as that of Lord Aberconway, who made no attempt to conceal the interest he took in Ethelreda's concern: the former, divided betwixt the daughter whom Conway had just presented to him, and the lady he believed to be his fon's wife, feemed fufpended in his judgment whether he was to acknowledge either; whilft Harwood, not knowing how to put an end to this scene, left the room in a kind of agony, partly of diffress and partly of rage against Conway, for his mad and unjustifiable behaviour. Fitz-Piers followed him, in order to tell him how far the proved claims of the real Lady Carloville fet aside the present apparent doubt that involved them all in perplexity with regard to Conway. Fitz-Piers, anxious

to preface his detail with some kind of preparation which ill suited with the impatience of Harwood in the present irritation of his mind, no sooner named Ethelreda, than he discovered, by the manner in which Carloville was mentioned by Harwood, that his intelligence would give the highest satisfaction—then laying aside his reserve, boldly and clearly related what he knew of the fraud practised against Miss L'Esterling, adding that the real Lady Carloville was alive and at Strathener.

In the first moments of his surprise, Harwood's emotions scarcely suffered him to express himself intelligibly; one moment storming and vowing vengeance against Carloville; the next, shaking Fitz-Piers violently by the hand, calling for proofs of the marriage, and threatening to hang Morgan in the same breath; and then, with the same incon-

fiderate

fiderate wildness he had so profusely blamed in Con way ... Go," cried he, " Mr. Fitz-Piers, and prevail on the lady to accompany you instantly! I will return and prepare them for her appear. ance."-Fitz-Piers would have expostulated; but Harwood, not chooling to deliberate upon what he looked upon as inevitable, would hear no reason, and immediately returned to the room he had quitted. Mrs. Harwood was fupporting her fifter, who feemed almost annihilated—Conway pacing about like a madman-Mr. Conway and Lady Aberconway trying to pacify Octavia, who chose to be a principal person in this scene. Mr. Carloville had made his escape; and Lord Aberconway's diftraction feemed little inferior to Conway's, when Harwood returned: 2019 10

"Prepare yourfelf for something exp traordinary, Sibilla " cried he.

What

"What is to happen now?"—exclaimed Mrs. Harwood, turning pale and crembling.

"Nothing alarming, nothing difagreeable!—Be composed, Ethelreda some The real Lady Carloville releases you from so odious and hateful a bondage. —Had you not better retire with your fifter, Sibilla?" continued he, alarmed at the diffresting countenance of Ethelreda.

"No!" cried Conway again inter-

"You feem to affirme forme very extraordinary power, fir !" faid Mrs. Harwood with formething like courage—" In spite of all your explanations, I am still at a loss to understand you!"

Mr. Conway now approached, and, addressing his son, tried to convince him of the impropriety of his behaviour, and of the violent effect it naturally had on Octavia, who screamed, raved, threw about the hartshorn and water, and frightened.

frightened Lady Aberconway with her violence.

At this moment appeared, with a timid and most reluctant countenance. the lately discovered Ellen, accompanied by her uncle, her brother, and Mr. Carloville: and behind them all fneaked Morgan !- The calm that instantly followed was not the least furprifing effect produced by their entrance, in Ethelreda, in whose mind some faint idea of the truth had glanced from Harwood's last words, sunk into a chair and looked every thing but alive. Harwood, shocked at himself, seemed almost annihilated; and Conway, who felt all the distress of Ethelreda's situation, no fooner released from one unworthy wretch than claimed by another (for in his own opinion his difgrace, as he imagined, was an insuperable bar to Ethelreda's esteem), remained stupesied, abashed, and silent.

Now

Now the whole weight of the explanation rested on Fitz-Piers, who, before fensible of the awkwardness of making it, but for Harwood's impetuofity, would have conducted in with more caution and delicacy. He frammered, hefitated, and scarcely knew how to proceed:-"Give me leave to introduce my fifter!" was all he uttered; and Ellen, equally shocked, tried to shelter herfelf from the enquiring eyes that furrounded her by retiring behind them! But Mr. Morgan, whose feelings, though somewhat different, were equally oppreffive, thought he was left to plead his own cause with the injured persons; and, in agony of mind at the punishment that awaited him, he began to make a meric of his voluntary appearance-at the same time he pleaded the promises of Mr. mently. Fitz-Piers for his fecurity.

"You are Mr. Morgan, then?"-

sternly asked Harwood; "and you are accessary to the imposition practised on the daughter of Sir Roger L'Esterling by Lord Carloville?"

"No, upon my hondur?" beloo syst

" Upon your tieneur !-- How dare you deny it ?"

"Mr. Fitz Piers and Captain Conway are the only persons who have any reason to prosecute me," continued Mergan trembling; "for though I had nothing to say to Lord Carloville's second marriage, and did not even know it was to take place, I knew that second marriage had not been a valid one—and consequently, when Captain Conway married the supposed widow, that lady was not in fact the person he took her to be."

of Speak no farther than as you are questioned, fir!" cried Conway vehe-

But as to the marriage of Miss

Fitz-Piers to the honourable Frederic Carloville, what testimony can you bear?

"The strongest possible one—that of having married them, and of being regularly in orders."

"Do you remember the person of the

lady ?"

Perfectly!—and unless I am much deceived, that is the lady!" said Morgan, looking at Ellen, who was leaning on her uncle's arm—he seemingly lost in contemplation, and perfectly abstracted from all around him, though in reality wonder alone kept him silent.

"The subsequent engagement is then annulled?" asked Harwood with

much fatisfaction.

"Entirely!" cried Morgan with alacrity, auguring well for himself from his manner.

"Unless," added Fitz-Piers, "you require stronger evidence?"

" Not

Not I!—only warrant the truth of this!—I cannot trust to that gentleman's bonour with perfect security."

Piers.

"Then Mr. Morgan may retire," added Harwood.

"By no means!" faid Ethelreda faintly—"I must ask that gentleman one question."

"What fatal question is that?" cried Conway, springing towards her—"Oh, Ethelreda! what new torture have you in store for me?—You are mine irrevocably—mine, disgraced and unworthy as I am!—mine, and subject to no other claims!"

"Your passions," said Ethelreda with assumed calmness, "make you overlook the most obvious and glaring truths—Did not Mr. Morgan this moment declare that I am not the person whom you married, but another? And

is it not palpable to every one present, that a fictitious personage, and such I was in every sense, though innocently, is incapable of forming a binding engagement?

oh, Ethelreda!—Reduced to subtersuges — to stratagem, in order to separate herself from me for ever!—Because in a moment of passion—of delirium—I forgot my honour and my duty, and sacrificed all, even my country, to her, she drives me from her for ever!"

"Inexplicable as you are, I cannot bear your reproaches, nor the suspicions you cast upon my sincerity, as if it had not been sufficiently tried!—Is it possible, you can be so insatuated, so self-deceived, as not to know that another engagement on your part takes place of that which you urge so strongly between yourself and me—rendered void as it plainly appears?"—Ethelreda, exhaust-

ed, could scarcely raise her voice so as to be heard distinctly.

"If that be the question," said Mr. Morgan, "the lady is, I believe, perfectly right: as, if she choose to be released from her marriage, she certainly may—I should suppose that to be indisputable.—There are cases, though rare—"

"Begone, fir!" exclaimed Conway with desperate violence—" Ethelreda, do you mean to infer that I am married to Octavia, or do you only give credit to the soolish opinions of this man in order to escape from me?—Answer me unequivocally!"

"Let me leave you; I have no longer any thing to fay—except that I wish you all happiness and tranquillity!" she added, in an inarticulate tone.

not part so easily, madam," said Con-

way in the most recriminating accent.

"A legal process shall determine between us not the opinion of such a man as this, to which you feem inclined to trust so implicitly."

"Conway !" cried Mr. Conway advancing - " I am difgraced by your conduct and behaviour.-You fee with how much difgust this lady's delicacy thrinks from your unjustifiable violence and abfurd claims:- The has clearly proved their infufficiency, and, by her candid, generous, and delicate way of thinking, has shown that in choosing her you did honour to your own judgment and tafte: but circumstances are decifively against you, and you have only to submit with patience, and shew yourfelf not altogether debased and degenerate by giving way to violence and unmanly regret.". Lond - notions via

What! even you, fir, can bear testimony to her merit, yet urge me to Vol. IV. P give

give her up ?- Never, never whilft I breathe!"

"Do you forget Lady Octavia ?"

"Oh that I could forget my own existence!—Yet what is Octavia to me?—
Ethelreda, I will combat your objections no longer; but I will remove far
from every object that can remind me of
happiness or misery.—You, Ethelreda,
do not know how I am fallen even in
my own esteem—Shall I tell you that
coward and deserter are names attached
to mine?—Will you think of me with
abhorrence or pity? will you pardon
me for all that you have suffered? or will
you drive me from your remembrance
with disgust?"

question, as you have already distressed me," said Ethelreda contending with ther emotion—" Sunk and degraded as I am, I yet feel some satisfaction in hearing the approbation so liberally bestowed

on my conduct by Mr. Conway.—You talk of disgrace attached to your name. How then would you be able to support that of your wife—deceived, without a name, in fact an impostor, though not in will?—Ought you not rather to rejoice that I have it in my power to separate myself from you? for, believe me, my proud and tenacious spirit would always have reproached me with sixing a burthen upon you, which, under such circumstances as at present attend me, you might have rejected."

"Oh, never, never!—There can be no circumstance—Put me to the proof!"

"It is impossible!" repeated Ethelreda—" and convinced as I certainly
am, I cannot let you suppose that what
you call your disgrace would have
swayed me: I know myself to be the
cause of your quitting the service; is it
not to that rash action you allude?—I
should have considered that disgrace as

P 2

much

double

much detached from you, as at this moment I feel it added to my own—and but for this separation—"

"Generous Ethelreda!" interrupted Conway, "you not only pardon—you try to reconcile me to myself; but whilst you thus persist in saying we are separated, that is impossible; for if I leave you I shall again relapse into all the phrensy of despair!"—Conway still held Ethelreda's hand: Mrs. Harwood was in tears by her side.

"Sir," faid Morgan, addressing Mr. Conway, "I am fearful that the lady has misunderstood what I took the liberty to say—supposing her to be averse to the marriage with Captain Conway—It was only a surmise of mine, that it might be fet aside—and I was going to mention a case—"

"Mention no case, sir!" interrupted Conway; "I am fully convinced of all I have afferted."

"Is he not married to Lady Octavia?" faid Mr. Conway, not attending to his fon.

"I certainly read the ceremony; but that is invalidated, if the parties concerned choose to abide by their first engagement, which the lady seems no longer inclined" to set aside."

"I am astonished," said Mr. Conway, "how this could have escaped us all so long."

" And fo am I," exclaimed Harwood

joyfully.

"You must not include me in the misapprehension," said Conway.—" And you, Ethelreda, cannot with honour retract a syllable of what you have so freely uttered?" he added with an anxious countenance.

"Do not suspect me capable of it," faid Ethelreda—" I have no more protestations to make, and all the disadvantages of my situation are fully known."

P 3

Lady

Lady Octavia, who now clearly perceived the cause was likely to go against her, thought it high time to change her hysterics for the proper degree of scorn more becoming a lady in her situation.— "And so, sir," she exclaimed, addressing her uncle, "I am to thank you for all the insolence I have been exposed to during this most intolerable scene!—And my amiable brother, too, takes an affront with edifying meekness!"

"Take care, Lady Octavia, how you farther expose yourself!" said Aberconway, turning suddenly and facing her. "Learn a little prudence, if possible, from this lesson; for which, I own, you have paid high. I suppose you can guess the purport of a letter I have just received, signed Philibert Clothaire d'E. pernon, Comte de——"

"You may spare your advice, sir!"
cried she, violently interrupting him—
"I shall not stay to be insulted," And
with

with extreme hafte the made her escapefrom the room without any attempts to prevent her, for even Mr. Conway gaveup the long contested point-and after a few moments of confusion, taking a letter from his pocket, and approaching Ethelreda-" Condefcend, madam," faid he. " toprevail on my fon to read this letter, and reconcile him to himself, by informing him, that I have been more careful of his honour than he has the renunciation of the service, so bitterly regretted, I took measures for preventing; and his immediate illness, in some degree, insured. the fuccess of my plan. That letter is an answer to one I lately wrote, in order to procure him an appointment. I must congratulate myself on having reserved the discovery till it could be confirmed, and receive double value coming from your lips."

Ethelreda tried to answer, and to express the pleasure she received in the

communication: then, filently putting the letter into Conway's hand, she withdrew, overcome by a variety of emotions and ideas that crowded too fast upon each other to allow of giving them utterance, even had the been less exhausted and fatigued with the exertions she had already made. Mrs. Harwood accompanied her fifter, impatient to be alone with her; for all that had paffed feemed more a dream than a reality. wood and

thought the ferrice, to betterly reguerest, Lough meafures for crovering and his in mediate illuefa, in some degree, infured the success of my plan. That spirer is an indiver to one I lately wroter in order to preduce fun an appointment. enterantate myfelf on having referved continuos ed binos it lin vieves lib ede. and receive couble value coming from ".zon nov

Rebeirela tried to sofwer, and to exprels the pleature the received in the Dimmon

CHAP.

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## CHAP. LXX.

O mille volte fortunato, e mille
Chi sa por meta a suoi pensieri in tanto
Che per vana speranza immoderata,
Di moderato ben, non perde il putto.

GUARINI.

CONWAY, though intoxicated with his own happiness, which he now looked upon as certain, made but hasty acknowledgements to his father for having been so careful of his honour; but their sincerity compensated for their brevity even in the opinion of Mr. Conway, who, but for the severe blow his ambition had received, could easily have reconciled himself to the loss of Octavia's fortune, for that which must now inevitably be the portion of Ethelreda. Five thousand a year was clearly the more eligible of the two. But, alas! all those schemes that

had tempted him to lead a life of fatigue and occupation, to stifle all the genuine feelings of his heart, and to facrifice the confidence of his family, and the happiness-almost the life of his only fon, for the rights of another-all the vast fabric of grandeur had toppled to its base in a moment, and his vaulting ambition had been insulted by a title in right of his wife !- This bitter difappointment, the fad reverse of all his golden visions, rankled at his heart, and made him, in its first paroxysms, openly abjure the title, and fecretly a public life; resolved to retire from the scene of all his former occupations, and, in folitude, conceal the mortification that preyed on his mind.

What would have been his feelings had he known that to his fon's cafual discovery of these schemes of aggrandizement he owed their subversion?—
Conway's strong sense of justice urged him, unknown to Caerleon, to make powerful

powerful interest in favour of the right, not always the strongest claim:—nor did he conceal his name, lest he should be implied in his father's endeavours to supersede the elder branch of his family; exhibiting perhaps the most striking contrast of character to that of his father that could have been opposed to it; and exciting equally the admiration of the generous and the selfish, the noble and base, the politician and the honest man.

Ethelreda was no fooner releafed from the painful observation of the Strathener family, and alone with her sister, than, giving way to all the repressed feelings of her heart, she tried to relieve herself from their oppression by tears. It was long before she could distinctly relate to Mrs. Harwood all that had happened since her departure, and her real situation with regard to Conway; and even now it appeared to her still embarrassed and P 6 doubtful.

doubtful. The uncertainty of Carloville's destiny seemed to hang a cloud over the future brightness of her fate, and damp the momentary pleasure she contemplated in the certainty of her release from him.

It was not difficult either for Ethelreda or Mrs. Harwood to discover that to the death of Sir Francis L'Esterling Conway owed his father's acquiescence in this new connection; for Mr. Conway's avarice had ever been too thinly veiled not to be conspicuous to the eyes of his acquaintance.

This discovery was by no means flattering to the pride of Ethelreda; who, conscious that her fortune was the least of her endowments, felt mortified that it was the only one of which her future father discovered the value. But different and more soothing were her reflections, when she thought of Conway and his mother, and how fully all her qualifications had been by them appreciated, and even partially over-rated.

The projected journey to Harwood Hall raised fresh difficulties in the mind of Ethelreda. She was not unapprifed of Mrs. Conway's illness, and that to fee her was almost impossible. By leaving Strathener, which she was most anxious to do, she knew she should be the means of separating Conway from his family; for the was too well acquainted with him to suppose that even her injunctions would not be of force sufficient to prevent him from following her even into Westmoreland. In this opinion Mrs. Harwood concurred; but it was highly painful to both to remain guests at Strathener, where she must constantly meet with the present Lady Carloville, to whom any fuch meeting must be equally painful. And as for Lady Octavia, whenever the name croffed her mind, its effect might nesga

might be traced in the variations of her countenance—and even Conway shared in the cruel recollections and suspicions it raised.

It grew late in the day, however, and, as the dinner-hour approached, Ethelreda's wavering refolutions were strengthened, and she became anxious to leave the Castle, conscious she should be expected to make her appearance at dinner, where she must meet Octavia and Mr. Conway. Harwood had been entirely occupied in a long conference with the new Marquis; so that when the first bell rang, he appeared for a moment . to tell them they were expected in the drawing-room, and then made his efcape to avoid the reproaches that were likely to follow in confequence of a delay that the ladies themselves had not projected; at least, so Harwood reasoned, and not without some truth. Diftreffed as Ethelreda was at the idea of again

again encountering this formidable fet, it was now inevitable; and, collecting all her spirits and resolution, the determined, if possible, not to suffer herself to be depressed by the uneasy sensations she felt at the thoughts of being once more an object of curiosity and observation.

At dinner she placed herself between Fitz-Piers and Harwood; and, preferring the conversation of a stranger as least embarraffing, the particularly addreffed herself to him, who, pleased and delighted, bestowed on her all his attention and respect. Conway, at a distance from them on the opposite side of the table, now and then ventured to look towards Ethelreda, half reproachfully for the studied manner in which the avoided meeting his eye. She felt a little relieved at hearing Lord Aberconway observe to his cousin, "Octavia is by this time almost at Briftol Wells!"-and at Conway's answer, "I have not seen a news-paper this

this week:"-which plainly convinced Ethelreda, las well as all present, that Conway had noticed her absence, if indeed any beside herself suspected her of it. Lord Aberconway, with his usual vivacity, laughed, and made an observation on the attention the answer implied: and Ethelreda, for the first time looking towards Conway, discovered the dimple in her cheek which of late had been for rarely feen. The languor and filence of the party were beginning to give place to fomething like general conversation, as if Ethelreda's smile had been the signal. Even Ellen could not fee without admiration the beauty of her rival, when her animated countenance displayed all the graces of her mind, and gave a new charm to her conversation, which Fitz-Piers, who was an amateur, had turned on pictures; and, for the fake of argument, was maintaining the superiority of the Venetian against the Roman school:

nor did he seem more struck with her person than delighted with the correctness of her taste and the strength of her judgement, as well as the politeness and apparent dissidence with which she opposed his opinion.

Lord Aberconway and Harwood were arguing in a tone rather decided the more apposite subject of foreign and English cookery; for, whilst the former was praising the superior excellence of macaroni at Naples, Harwood was for fending all their execrable olios pell mell to the devil, as not worth an argument; when Lord Aberconway once more broke the good order of the meeting, by addressing Ethelreda by the name of Carloville. The confusion it occasioned was now irretrievable, and the silence that ensued beyond the powers of conversation to interrupt. It had raised the very shade of Carloville to torment them all

for the remainder of the day; and Lady Aberconway, fatigued with the dullness of her party, took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies.

The gentlemen were no fooner alone than Mr. Harwood mentioned his fill intended departure. Conway was filent; for, having had not a moment, anxiously as he defired it, for converting with Ethelreda, he dared not make any objection, left he should be oppoling a determination of hers. But it was with extreme pleasure he heard Lord Aberconway propose Casino Belvedere to him for an immediate relidence, as it was quite fit for his reception .- " It will ferve you," added he, "till the Caftle is once more ready to receive you; for we shall make a point of keeping you in our neighbourhood, at least part of the year." di tat at ban bl. magareta Se wair

<sup>&</sup>quot;That is a point," faid Mr. Conway

—or rather Lord Orwyn, "on which we must all try our influence, and I hope not without success."

"I agree to it readily for my own part," faid Harwood, "provided none of my family is averse to the Castle as a residence. But I shall not combat a single objection, even where I have a right."

"You are quite right," cried Conway, gueffing that Harwood's allufions were meant as hints to him.

"Yet I know not any women less subject to whims and fantastical notions than those with whom I am connected; and whenever they oppose me, I am certain of discovering that they are reasonable, and that I am not."

Conway's affent to this truth, which feemed to touch him, was a filent one, whilst Fitz-Piers seized the opportunity of bestowing on Ethelreda's person and understanding the warmest and most emphatic admiration, in which he was echoed

echoed by Mr. Carloville; whilst Conway, though he would have risqued his life to maintain the truth of all they said, could scarcely conceal his vexation that any man should dare to admire her besides himself—to the evident diversion of Harwood.

It was, however, settled, that they should go to St. Siffrid's immediately, provided no objection was made—and Harwood with great good humour gave Conway to understand, he would trouble him to propose it to the ladies, as a person of more influence. Conway instantly availed himself of the hint, and left them.

It was late before the gentlemen quitted the dining-room. Harwood walked up to Conway, who was fitting on the same sopha with Ethelreda, and asked him the success of his proposal. Ethelreda coloured. Conway hesitated, and said, "He had not yet made it." Harwood reproached him for being a worth-

less ambaffador, who attended to none of his instructions. Mr. Conway, who caught the sentence, defired he might be recalled; and, taking his place next to Ethelreda, the plan of returning to the Castle was speedily proposed and acceded to; that is, it was referred to Mrs. Harwood, who acquiesced in it immediately. And now, for the first time, Ethelreda spoke of Llewellyn and Winifred, though she had not ceased to think of them; and, addressing herself to Conway, she enquired if he knew whether the old man and his wife were yet in the Castle? Conscious as she was they must be anxious for her, the wished to know whether they were informed she was at Strathener?-In the warmth of Ethelreda's thanks, Conway received the reward of his benevolence towards the old couple, whom he had made it his business to find out, sequestered as they were in the Tower, that they might partake of his

his joy in the restoration of their mistress. And fortunate was it that he did not delay his kindness, as, from grief and terror and superstition joined, neither Llewellyn nor Winisred seemed to have many days to live when he renovated them by the intelligence of Ethelreda's recovery and safety.

Ethelreda repeated the detail of his kindness to Harwood and her sister, with an exultation in her tone and manner of which she was not conscious, though it was not lost even upon Conway—and frequently interrupted herself to thank him with expressions of gratitude and obligation, with which he was too much delighted to answer reasonably.

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## CHAP. LXXI.

While you have fed upon my feignories;
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest-woods;
From mine own windows torn my household-coat,
Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON their way to St. Siffrid's, Ethelreda, but more especially Mrs. Harwood, looked on each side the road for all the objects so well remembered. Every tree was too fondly impressed on her memory for her to fail noticing the havock that had been made amongst the sine wood of oaks that surrounded it, many of which lay prostrate on the spot where they had been selled by Carloville's orders; an injustice that no other man would have dared to offer, or any other than Sir Francis

Pintenn'i

Francis L'Esterling would have borne. The destruction of these oaks, as sacred in the life of Sir Roger as the groves of the druids, she saw affected Ethelreda; and they continued to lament them in silence till they arrived at the Castle, where they were met by Conway, who had preceded them with Harwood.

Llewellyn and Winifred! were almost the first words Ethelreda uttered at entering the Castle: nor was Mrs. Harwood less impatient to see them than her sister. Poor Llewellyn, between joy and grief, could scarcely answer any of their affectionate questions for contemplating the depredations that had been made on the inside of the Castle; nor had they escaped Sir Roger's daughters.

The high antique chimney, covered with gilding, had given way to a modern one of white marble; the velvet and fringe, stripped from the walls, was succeeded by arabesques in fresco, imitated

from

from those of the Vatican of the painted windows with their stone frames were departed, to make way for Venetian doors and plate-glass: but Ethelreda's regret gave way to laughter, when she saw the half-finished colonnade with which the absurd Sir Francis had begun to patch his Castle.

"Did you ever fee a place to ridiculously spoiled?" faid Harwood. "This medley of Gothic, Saxon, and Grecian architecture surpasses any combinations of the kind that ever were blundered upon he protest I am assamed to live here!"

to its original flyle, a faid Mrs. Hara wood; "and as for the room itself, I confess it is much lighter than it was formerly." and a confess it is much lighter than it was

"And I," faid Ethelreda, " cannot forget those beautifully coloured rays that Vol. IV. Q used

ar funset. The soon and the painted glass

All that you may have in perfection at Harwood Hall, besides a charming cascade exactly in view of it; and provided Captain Conway can obtain your permission to be of the party, we need only stay here till you have determined what parish you will belong to."

Ethelreda made no arriver. She knew it to be Harwood's opinion the ought to be married again by banns, and as foon as possible; and notwithstanding the missortunes of her former marriage, and all the sad omens that attended it in the church of St. Siffrid, she still preferred renewing her engagements with Conway there.

maining a short time at the Castle?" said

All my objections you have already heard,

heard," faid Ethelreda. "I entreat you for the last time to consider them well, and at your leifure: lay them before your family, and do not fail to recollect what I have often repeated to you," she added in a low tone, "that two persons, the one proud and tenacious, as I know myself to be, the other irritable and violent, bid fair to be miserable."

Conway looked at her for a moment:

Are these your real fentiments ?" of the

finiling at his gravity! vino and , studio

Then you do not believe, in spite of all my protestations and assurances, that I have learned to restrain this unhappy violence of temper, and that I am determined to correct it?

"Do you wish to persuade me that

am fincere in what I promise!

Q 2

" How

moto

"How much fafer not to promife at all—or so conditionally as always to preferve an appearance at least of intending to perform them!"

. "If you had really a right to suspect me, I could bear these reproaches more patiently."

"I should rather think less so," said Harwood approaching, "for patience is most commonly the characteristic of a person falsely accused. But observe, I do not pretend to be any judge of your dispute, but only to put an end to it—Besides, I am anxious to see what more is new to me,"

"Amongst which, my dreary but hospitable abode must not be forgotten," said Ethelreda—" and I will be your guide."

"Not for the world!" cried Conway, recollecting the horrors he had suffered in traversing the long winding passages.

" You

Tou are militaken if you suppose there will be any thing terrible to me in returning to look at my cell. It was my voluntary choice, and I think of the protection it afforded me with gratitude!" said Ethelreda with animation.

"Spare yourself then the fatigue of going there to-day!" said Conway, taking her hand with an entreating countenance, and I will conduct Mrs. Hr wood if the persist in her intention. The watchtower, and all its avenues, will ever be too strongly impressed on my memory to require any other guide!"

"And the way to the battlements through the little turret?"——Conway looked vexed and agitated at this last recollection; and Ethelreda left them to question Llewellyn and Winifred, and could hear in return nothing but praises of Conway, for the care and attention which he had not spared, to relieve them

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from the terrible fears they suffered on her account, when they missed her from the watch tower, and heard no tidings of her in the Castle, where Winifred was stared at by the people as if she had risen from the dead.

Scare courles then the fill of the difference day!" Aid Convil. adding her hand with an entreating or orienable, I be wiff wild Hobacs hiw themes the bernit a her intention, 'The watchentered the seringer of the but more the resolutive impressed on the memory to requite any other guice in the same er And the way to the britishents through the little turret?" Conway looked veked and agirated at this last jecontedion; and Hilleres a self men to queltion Llewellyn and Windred, and enold hear in recurs nothing out praises of Conway, for the care and aftertion which he had not spared, to relieve them CHAP. mon .

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## CHAP. LXXII.

Felices ter et amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis

Divulfus querimoniis,

Suprema citius folvet amor die

TAROH turn never led her in facility of

THE marriage of Ethelreda was no longer delayed than till Conway's mother was sufficiently recovered to join her samily on the day of its celebration; when, if any inferior circumstance could add to her selicity, it was the delight she expressed in this unhoped accomplishment of all her wishes for her son's happiness; for who could doubt that the preference and severely tried attachment of such a woman were sufficient to ensure it? Indeed Conway seemed fully to understand her value; and to seel with gratitude that

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a companion so rational, so sweet-tempered, so accomplished, falls to the lot of f.w, even the most deserving.

Nor was either ever disappointed in the expectations they had formed of each other. A preference so sounded could not diminish by time, nor a more intimate connection: for, as Ethelreda's domestic turn never led her in search of amusement out of her own family, the charm of her society continued its influence over her husband, and the wide circle of her connections, drawn towards her by the irresittible attractions of modely, elegant manners, and a cultivated under-

of Carloville, when that circumstance became known to his family. The unfortunate Ellen, pining in ignorance of the fate of her lost child, and that of the wretched Carloville, with which it was connected, seemed only kept alive by the hopes

hopes of once more feeing him restored to her. Both her brother and coulin spared no possible means of discovering Carloville for her fake. Fitz-Piers had taken Calino Belvedere, where for the advantage of the air his lister lived with her uncle-whilst Fitz Piers spent most of his time in London, in hopes of proof; when most unexpectedly, by the confession of one of the felons concerned in the robbery of Carloville in prison, the certain knowledge of his death was conveyed to his brother, and lome papers, amongst which some memoranda hinted the manner in which he had dispoled of his fon-but fo obscurely that for a long time they remained in the most perplexing uncertainty. At last, by the most unwearied exercions, Mr. Carloville traced his fost nephew, placed on the foundation of a public school, under an affumed name. It appeared that Carloville

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ville made no concealment of the interest he took in this boy; whom he spoke of as the fon of a friend of his father's, who was dead, and had left a large family unprovided for. And, most probably, to this apparent openness he owed the entire concealment of the truth; for none of the persons to whom this story was known ever suspected its fallacy. His having intended to take care of the boy's education in some degree reconciled Fitz-Piers to his memory; fince he thought it possible, in spite of all his atrocities, Carloville might have loved this child. and have restored him to the rights to which he was born, whenever he could do it with fafety to himself and his fchemes.

This thought was rather consoling than otherwise to Lady Carloville; who, though she had every reason to hold his memory in abhorrence, grieved for his death with sincerity in her heart as well

as in her habit; for the real circumstances of it were humanely concealed from her by her family. The young Lord Carloville, a child equally promiling in temper and person, seemed to ipherit mothing from his father, but ftrongly refembled his mother, who, no longer a prey to grief and anxiety, began to anticipate many years of happiness for berfelf and her family; and entirely devoting herfelf to his improvement, the gradually loft the recollection of her former forrows in the ample compensation her fon's perfections afforded her. As for Mr. Fitz-Piets, having relinquished all expectation of meeting with fuch a woman as Mrs. Conway, with true old bachelor forefight he began to think of an alliance for his nephew with one of her daughters!

The Marquis of Aberconway and his Lady, whenever they were at Strathener, cultivated with affiduity the friendship

of Captain and Mrs. Conway, and of Mr. Harwood's family, who occasionally relided together at St. Siffrid's Callle. Intentibly they discovered how superior to the hurry and diffipation of their ofdal dife was the fociety at St. Siffrid's. Their Itay at Strathener was confiderably prolonged; till at last the pleasures and avocations of the great world became a secondary confideration, or were thought of with relactance and disguit.

Octavia Conway, whole talte for vanity, thow and admiration did not diminish, hever acquired intoch fellish for the company of rational people, and never hear-Harwood's family for the mortification the brought upon herfelf. Her fortune, reduced to moderation by the large deductions made from it by the Comte de Clerac, was no temptation to the needy in her own rank; and the Tufpicions the had purchased at so high a price, in some measure counterpoised the flattery which high rank and some beauty procured her in abundance: fo that, always on her guard against imposition, she found herfelf reduced to aid a waning complexion with Olympian bloom and Turkish dew. which the tried to perfuade herfelf rivalled the lilies and roles of eighteen; though fhe could never believe it on the word of her admirers, whom the constantly fancied the detected in forming plans on her fortune :- whilft Lord Aberconway often sportingly said, that he feared neither his nor Conway's numerous progeny would be the richer for her caution; fince the most unjustly charged her own imprudence on them, as if they had been the abettors of the Comte de Clerac.

Mr. Conway (for Lord Orwyn he was determined not to be called) retired to Frampton Lodge, now his fole refidence; tried to forget his disappointments and mortifi-

mortifications in the Itudies of agriculture and natural philosophy; and in the midft of his turnips fancied himfelf another Cincinnatus. But, a courtier and a politician from his youth, Mr. Conway had long loft all reliff for rural pleafures; and studies the very rudiments of which were unknown to him were not calculated either to interest or amuse him. The habitual stiffness of his manners, and the referve he had always practifed towards his family, made even his fon a guest not always acceptable; so that Mrs. Conway had it in her power to spend a large portion of her time with her daughter.

Conway, too happy in the possession of Ethelreda to bestow a thought on titles, still felt some alloy to his felicity, as the most perfect has its proportion, in the reslection that his father's whole life had been sacrificed to the attainment of advantages falsely estimated and unjustly desired,

defired, and which, having escaped him by those very means he took to secure them, left him, without a resource, a prey to disappointments he fancied he did not suffer, at the same moment his temper and action made the fullest discovery of their essects. A striking example, of which an observer might select many, from amongst those who tread the paths of intricate policy, of schemes counteracted by the very means taken to ensure their success, one of the many instances in which a total want of principle is its own punishment.

THE END.

defield, and which, having ercaped himes by those very matine in rook to fecuse them, left him, without a resource, a proy to disappointments he tancied he did not fuller, at the fame quoment his temper and action made the fulled difference and action made the fulled difference of their offices. A first ing text ample, of which an observer might felect many, from amongst those who treat the parks of increase policy of felence counternacted by the very means taken to counternacted by the very means taken to constemate their stores are not the man and fine their stores one of the man and fine their stores to one of the man and fines their stores one of the man and fines their stores are not provided the man of the man and fines the man providence to wan providence to

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